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FROZEN DOG TALES

AND
OTHER
THINGS

BY
COLONEL
WILLIAM
C. HUNTER



ELI



In memory of William H. Bonsall
A.B. Stanford '34, LL.B. Harvard '38

From the fund given by his parents
Samuel N. Bonsall and
Mabel Bowler Bonsall, A.B. '11

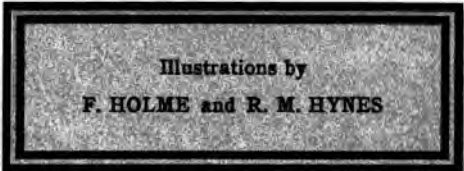
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F. HOLME and R. M. HYNES

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BY
COL. WM. C. HUNTER.

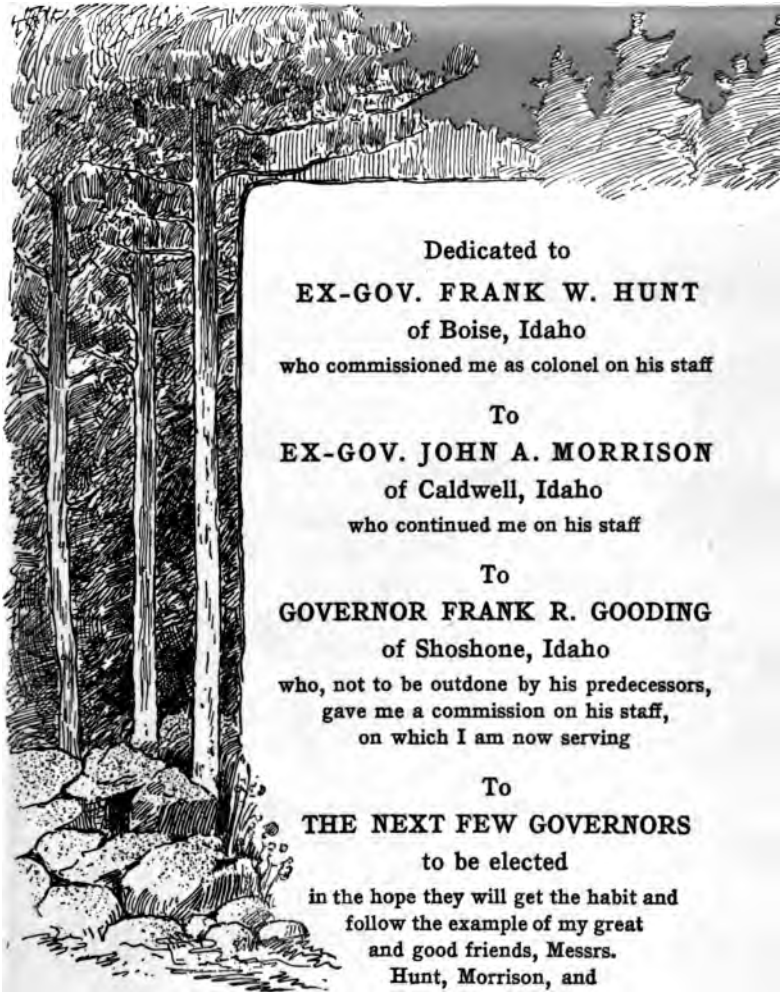


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MCMV

PN 6161

H85

Copyrighted, 1905
by
WM. C. HUNTER



Dedicated to
EX-GOV. FRANK W. HUNT
of Boise, Idaho
who commissioned me as colonel on his staff

To
EX-GOV. JOHN A. MORRISON
of Caldwell, Idaho
who continued me on his staff

To
GOVERNOR FRANK R. GOODING
of Shoshone, Idaho
who, not to be outdone by his predecessors,
gave me a commission on his staff,
on which I am now serving

To
THE NEXT FEW GOVERNORS
to be elected
in the hope they will get the habit and
follow the example of my great
and good friends, Messrs.
Hunt, Morrison, and
Gooding
and



To
THE FOLLOWING FRIENDS
 in Frozen Dog
 with whom I have hunted, fished, travelled
 and visited:

Grizzly Pete

Joe Kip

Book Abbott

Bert Perrine

Gen. Geo. H. Roberts
 and family

Gen. David Vickers

John Gooding

Death on the Trail

Jim the Barber

Ross Merithew

Link Duke

Frank

Auntie Bohn

Charlie

Mormon Ed

The Dillon Girls

The Horse Camp Out-
 fit

Jim the Stage-Driver

Fred Page

Judge Schultz

Peg Johnson

Old Webb Grubb

Antelope Bill

Luke the Half-Breed

Major Jones

The Bar O Ranch

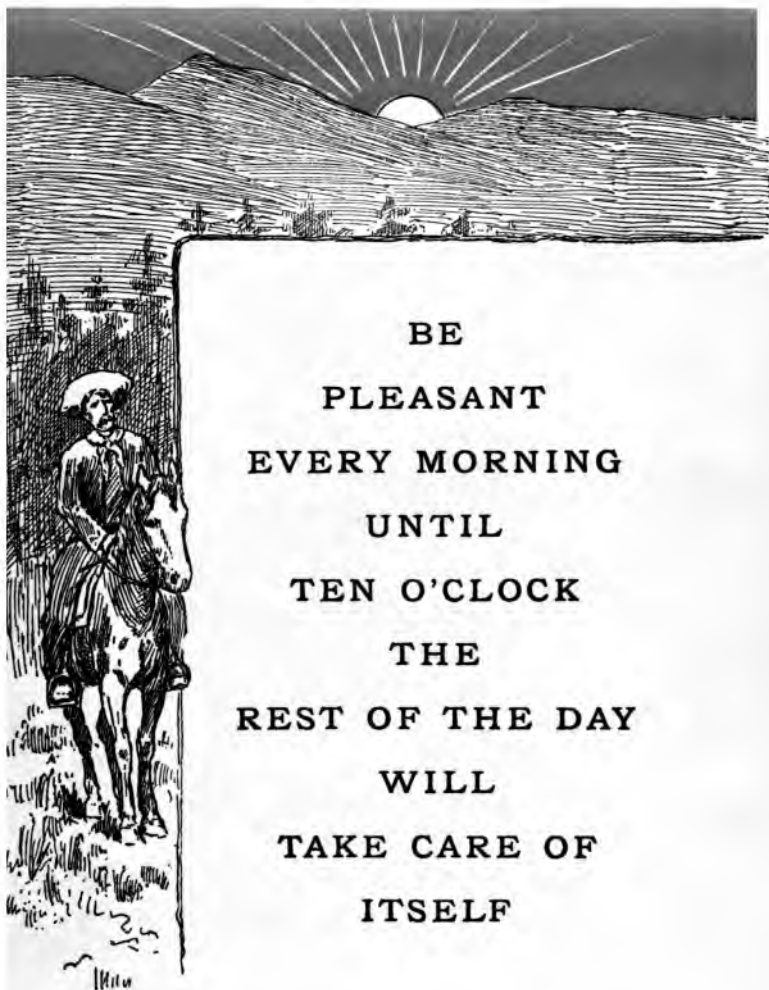
Folks

The Girls from Steam-
 boat Landing

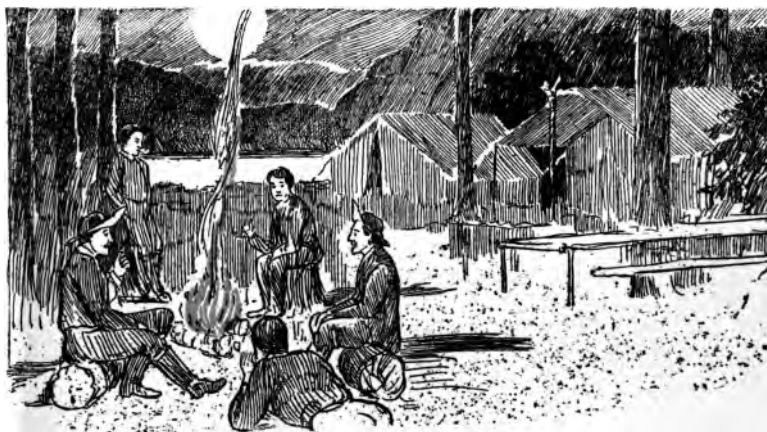


BY THE AUTHOR

July 18, 1905



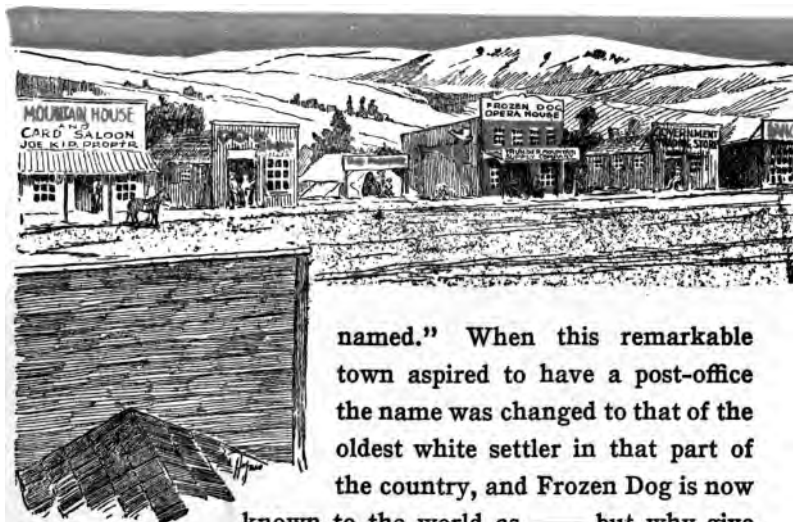
BE
PLEASANT
EVERY MORNING
UNTIL
TEN O'CLOCK
THE
REST OF THE DAY
WILL
TAKE CARE OF
ITSELF



FROZEN DOG TALES AND OTHER THINGS



AM going to tell you first of all about Frozen Dog, Idaho. The Indian name of this wonderful town is Bosh-Ki-Yi, or Bosh-Yi-Ki, the difference being that one refers to a spotted dog. Frozen Dog is in one of the most beautiful spots in Idaho, and therefore in the world. It is a thriving village, getting its support from mining, agricultural, and trapping industries. Letters addressed to Frozen Dog will be returned by Uncle Sam endorsed, "No such office in State



named." When this remarkable town aspired to have a post-office the name was changed to that of the oldest white settler in that part of the country, and Frozen Dog is now known to the world as — but why give you its present name? I shall keep the exact location, for a while at least, in mystery. This will prevent my precise friends from bothering their heads and trying to verify the statements in this book, and it will save my old pards, Grizzly Pete and Joe Kip, from the gaze of the curious. Like all heroes, they are modest men and shrink from publicity. Joe Kip and Grizzly Pete are the oracles, philosophers, and optimists, while old Webb Grubb, the meanest man in town, is a hide-bound pessimist. Jones, our bachelor friend, hates the fair sex, and frequently takes occasion to say something mean about them. Judge Schultz, the well-known jurist, received his diploma from a correspondence school, and as a law-



yer he settles the squabbles and sentences the horse thieves to death, providing the Vigilance Committee has not anticipated his pleasure.

From time to time I have written about Frozen Dog and given expression to some of the wise, unwise, and otherwise statements of my friends there. Sometimes these things appeared in Frozen Dog prose, and at other times in Frozen Dog-gerel, as Webb Grubb calls our verses.

The tales and things following in this book are simply a collection of my writings during the past few years. Some of my friends have looked me in the eye and seriously suggested that I gather together these writings in book form, that they might have the pleasure of preserving them, and that is one of the reasons for launching this book in the great ocean of books where only one in a thousand ever gets beyond the first edition.

Just read this book, then, as much or as little little—as seldom or as often—as you please.

There never were, and never will be, two persons



who think alike on all subjects, or two persons with the same tastes, so I am sure you will find here things that do not please you or harmonize with your beliefs. You will also find contradictory statements and inconsistencies. Consistency is a rare jewel, and my collection of jewels is for the most part of the paste variety.

You and I make mistakes — don't we? But where we make them unintentionally we can afford to forgive each other — can't we?

One of my good friends has written a criticism, or puff, or boost, or whatever you may please to call it, and I give it to you in his own language:

"These writings are the observations of a man of business who knows the value of a cheery word and who knows how to lubricate the wheels of the serious machine with sunshine and smiles as he travels life's road.

"Notwithstanding the pessimistic mutterings of idle discontents who sit on the highway fences,



Colonel Hunter has travelled on with his face to the light of truth, his heart full of love, and his lips moving in song.

“He has had his full measure of obstacles, suffered privations, worked hard, has seen cloudy days, and been surrounded with discouraging influences. His writings are not of recent or sudden inspiration. In the past twenty-four years he has been engaged in the battle of business, and his observations were written now midst the clanging of bells, the noise of whistles, now in the quiet of mountains, again on the deck of the ocean liner. They were written in the camp, on the boulevard, in foreign countries, and in the quiet of his interesting den. Some of these tales and things were written during moments of supreme happiness, others while the mental pendulum swung back into shadowland.

“He has mixed with the learned and the ignorant; the captain of industry, the laborer; the sport, the outlaw; the preacher, the criminal; the san-



guine, the phlegmatic; the child, the boy, the man; the Indian, the cowboy, the plowman; the bohemian, the bon-vivant; the rich, the poor; the optimist, the pessimist; and other individuals too numerous to mention.

“Ever and always the Colonel has kept his eyes and ears open and given expression to the things he felt.”

My friend spreads it on pretty thick, does n't he? I want you to know, though, when you read this book, that the intent is that you shall find something which will help you and please you. So I want you to consider my good intent rather than the arrangement of the words.

Before going further I will acquaint you a little more with this famous town of Frozen Dog and its people.

Frozen Dog, Idaho, is in the northeastern part of Idaho County, on the Koos-koos-kie River, just south of the Clearwater Mountains, just west of



the Bitter Root spur of the Rockies, and just east of the famous Seven Devils Mountains. The altitude is 5,763 feet.

The mountains abound in gold and copper, and in these majestic Rockies live Elk, Black-tail Deer, Grizzly, Silver Tip, and Brown Bear, Mountain Lion, Bob-cats, Grey Timber Wolves, Blue Grouse, Partridges, and small game galore.

The valleys are fine grazing-lands, and here we find Antelope, Coyotes, Jack Rabbits, Badger, Sage Hens, and Pinnated Grouse. Here also roam wild Bronchos and Cayuse ponies.

The people in Frozen Dog are a happy people, making money easily, and enjoying life to the fullest extent.

The town is full of life. There are few laws to govern. Horse thieves are promptly lynched, and the Golden Rule is the unwritten law of the country. No stranger is asked where he came from; no one is asked his back history. Every one "tends



to his own business." Men are judged by their individual worth, and a man's word is as good as his bond, and the man who does n't "make good" is run out of the country.

Men in Frozen Dog are brothers and they help one another. They are free from deceit, strife, and other ills peculiar to congested civilization. Women are respected and protected. Weak and unfortunate brothers are helped to their feet. When sickness comes there are plenty of volunteers to watch and wait on the sick one.

No one can live with these wholesome people without loving them. No one can tramp over the mountains hunting and fishing without learning to love nature.

The clear ozone one breathes makes him have better views of life and brings a glow of health to his cheeks. When I am in the city with its hustle and bustle I live again the days I have spent in Idaho, and I have many happy hours in my den looking



over my trophies and recounting my trips with my faithful broncho "Pinoak."

My trips in Idaho have been medicine to me, and the time spent in that beautiful country gave me a keen pleasure that money cannot buy.

This little work tells so much about my old pals, Grizzly Pete and Joe Kip, that I shall here introduce them by their group photo, recently taken by Jim the Barber. Their autograph also appears.



Kip
Grizzly Pete

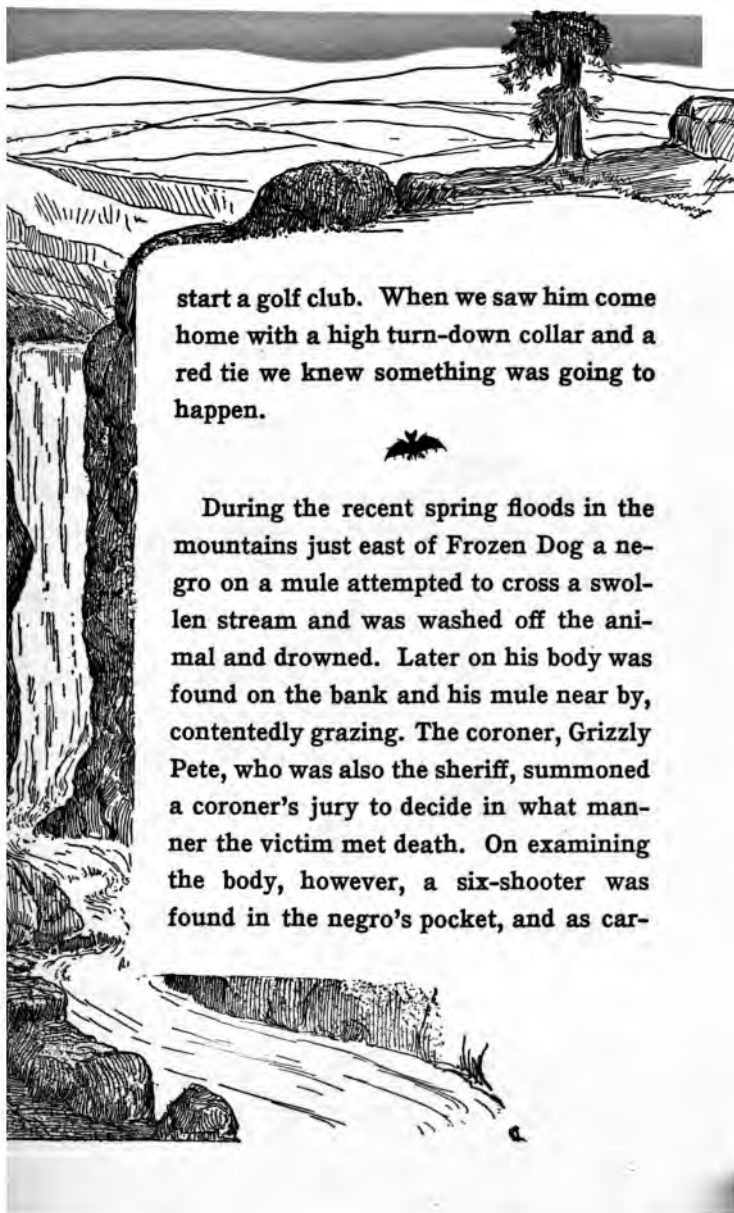


“HOWLING WOLF” NOTES

TWO fellows wearing dinky derby hats struck Frozen Dog the other day. They opened a grip in front of “The Howling Wolf” office and exhibited three little shells and a rubber ball. The scheme of the game was to guess which shell the ball was under. Half-Hung Simon guessed and won \$2.50; then he lost \$9.00. The slick fellows got about \$75.00 in chips, which is our only currency, and when they went to cash the chips Grizzly Pete swiped them and the boys run the fellows out of town. “No skin games in our midst” is our motto.



Hen Barker has been going to the Pocatello Business College. He returned last week and wants to



start a golf club. When we saw him come home with a high turn-down collar and a red tie we knew something was going to happen.



During the recent spring floods in the mountains just east of Frozen Dog a negro on a mule attempted to cross a swollen stream and was washed off the animal and drowned. Later on his body was found on the bank and his mule near by, contentedly grazing. The coroner, Grizzly Pete, who was also the sheriff, summoned a coroner's jury to decide in what manner the victim met death. On examining the body, however, a six-shooter was found in the negro's pocket, and as car-



rying concealed weapons is a violation of the Idaho law, the coroner dissolved the jury, acted as sheriff, fining the corpse \$50 for carrying concealed weapons, and confiscated the mule and gun to pay the fine. Then, becoming coroner, he again swore in his jury and proceeded to investigate the cause of the decedent's demise.



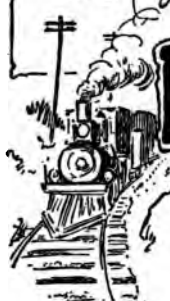
Jones says there are two times in a man's life when he discovers he cannot understand a woman: the first is before he is married, and the second is after he is married.



Link Duke says the college education often has the effect of making some fellows too smart to work and not smart enough to get along without working.



Me and Joe Kip



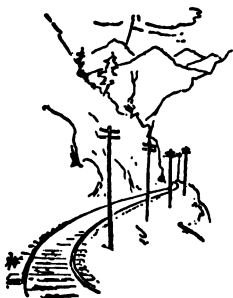
FROZEN DOG 's a minin' town,
 I 'll tell you so you 'll
 know;
 It 's north of Pocatello, in the State
 of Idaho,
 Nestlin' in the Rockies at the two
 forks of the Snake;
 It 's a dandy little village an' you bet it 's wide
 awake.

**Me an' Joe Kip run that town; our word is always
 law;
 We can use our shootin'-irons jest the best you ever
 saw.**



Joe Kip, he owns the Mountain Home, "The Howling Wolf" is mine,
 An' me an' Joe together own the Old Cinch Copper-mine.

Last year we went to Boston to get financial aid
 To help us build a railroad to benefit our trade;
 Saw Wetherald, an' Liggett, an' Tommy Taylor,
 too;
 They chipped in eagerly, you bet, to see the project through.



Frozen Dog an' Rocky Mountain is the railroad's name;
 Sounds a little hifalutin', but—
 it gets there jest the same;
 It cost us sixty thousand, an'
 Boston gave the glue;
 Me an' Joe worked politics an'
 got the franchise through.



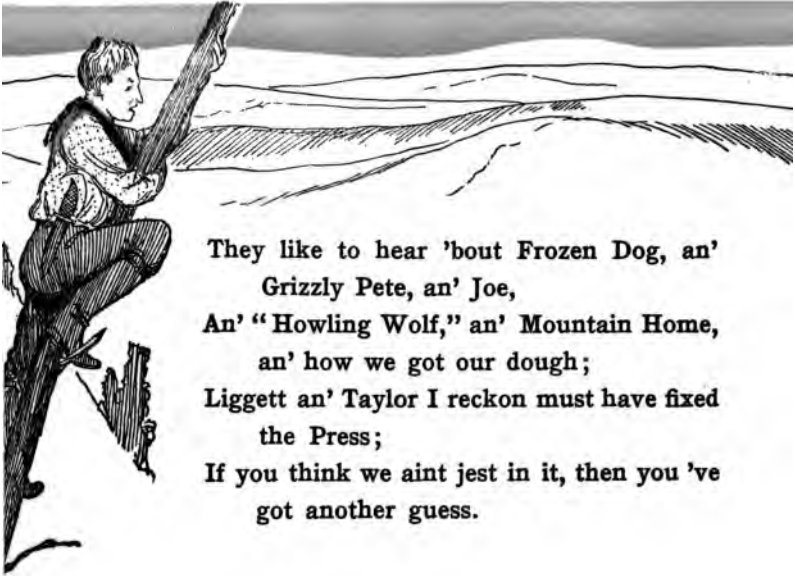
Wetherald is President, an' Liggett G. P. A.;
Taylor is the Treasurer, an' has the bills to pay;
Joe Kip is Superintendent, the Manager is me;
It's as cinch a combination as ever you did see.

A million mortgage bonds an'
stocks is each one's little
share;

Joe Kip, he throws his old chest
out an' walks upon thin air;
He painted up the Mountain
Home, an' bought a brand-
new organ,
An' feels jest like a Vanderbilt,
or Carnegie, or Morgan.



I take my fun in travelling; with Wetherald I went
Across the briny ocean deep to see the Orient.
The big bugs come to see us, an' each one wants
to know
If we 'll invest their cash for them in dear old Idaho.



They like to hear 'bout Frozen Dog, an'
Grizzly Pete, an' Joe,
An' "Howling Wolf," an' Mountain Home,
an' how we got our dough;
Liggett an' Taylor I reckon must have fixed
the Press;
If you think we aint jest in it, then you 've
got another guess.

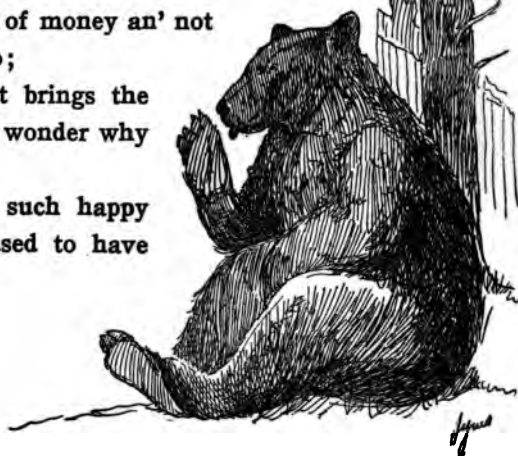
The railroad is a-boomin', an' we 're makin'
money fast;
We 'll each be worth ten
million if these good
times only last.
But somehow, here in
Paris, I find myself
a-wishin'
For them grand old days
again when me and
Joe went fishin' —





When me and Joe were hustlin', an' thinkin'
not of gain,
Helpin' one another, sharin' joy an' pain.
I did n't have a worry an' did n't have a care;
I never thought of such a thing as bein' a mil-
lionaire.

Somehow I don't just feel the same
as I expected to
When I had lots of money an' not
a thing to do;
'T ain't cash that brings the
happiness; I wonder why
it's so?
I've never had such happy
days as I used to have
with Joe.





GRIZZLY PETE'S BUSY DAY

LAST Tuesday was a very busy day for us. We set out in the morning for Elk City to work up a few subscribers for "The Howling Wolf." Elk City is a lively town and we expected things to be pretty frisky, but we were by no means prepared for what occurred. We are usually ready to take care of ourselves pretty well, but what they did to us in Elk City was a new experience and it kind of took our breath away.

As we were riding up the main street towards Ike Weller's saloon to get a little red liquor, a man standing in the door of the saloon shot the cigarette out of our mouth and the town marshal waltzed up, pulled his gun, and rushed us over to the justice of the peace, where we were fined \$15 for abetting the killing of one Sam'l Jas. Bowman.





It appeared that the bullet which struck our cigarette sped merrily along and killed the lamented Mr. Bowman, who was quietly licking his wife a half block away. We failed to see how we were to blame for the murder, but the justice of the peace enlightened us by stating that we were guilty by being where we were at the particular moment.

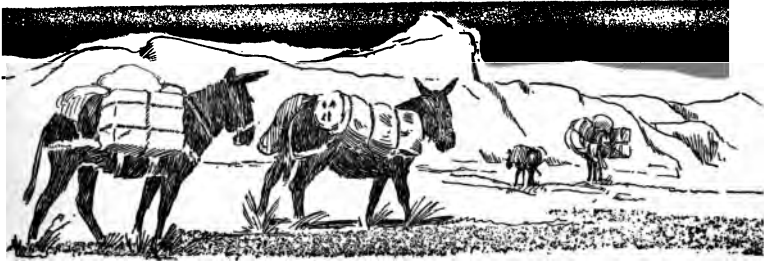
Owing to the fact that we were strangers in the town and had never been arrested there before, the judge made the fine \$15. We demanded a trial by jury and the privilege of sending for Judge Schultz, the well-known jurist of Frozen Dog. This was an error on our part, for the judge glowered at us and fined us \$15 more for contempt of court. We protested against this high-handed snap judgment and demanded our rights as an American citizen, and the judge said an American citizen had the right to be fined \$25 for sassing the court.

Up to this time our identity was unknown. We now introduced ourself as the editor of "The Howling Wolf" and general Pooh Bah of Frozen Dog.



This seemed to complicate matters, as the judge had several relatives and friends that had been winged by us when they raised the rumpus in Frozen Dog. It also transpired that "The Howling Wolf" had referred to his honor as a coward, sneak-thief, and cut-throat, and at one time or another the town marshal and clerk of the court had been shown up in their true colors by our ever-fearless "Howling Wolf." We were, therefore, fined \$50 and sentenced to jail for three months, and deprived of red liquor during the term of our imprisonment.

Then we broke loose. We shouted, "Fudge," "Fie on you," "Shame," and some other words that don't sound well in print. Then we pulled Jack and Jill, our two famous six-shooters, jumped upon a chair, and unbuckled our feelings. We gave the court a few points on legal matters and assured him of our ability as a marksman. We flattered our-



self that we were getting along swimmingly, when our arms were grabbed from behind and the court remarked that there was no doubt but that we were a bad man, and that we had committed several murders in the vicinity, and that he would impose a further fine of \$500 and ten years' imprisonment. By this time it appeared as though the court was against us and we did not have much standing. It looked as though Elk City was one of the very few towns in Idaho where the justice of the peace is bigger than the President of the United States. We therefore tried diplomacy and offered the court \$5 cash, and to treat all the officers and audience to red liquor. Thereupon the town marshal suggested that it would be a good deal cheaper to lynch us at once. The J. P. readily agreed to this, with the true spirit of American enthusiasm, and the little procession started out for a convenient tree.

The man who obtained the privilege of putting the noose over our head went by the name of Bull



Grubb. "The Howling Wolf" has frequently declared that his brother Webb, of Frozen Dog, was the meanest man in the State. We were given three minutes to make out our will, and allowed to make one guess where we were going to. Just at this time a hunting-party from Frozen Dog rode into town and they at once interfered in our behalf. The judge was instantly killed, and Bull Grubb was soon dangling from the end of the rope which was intended for us.



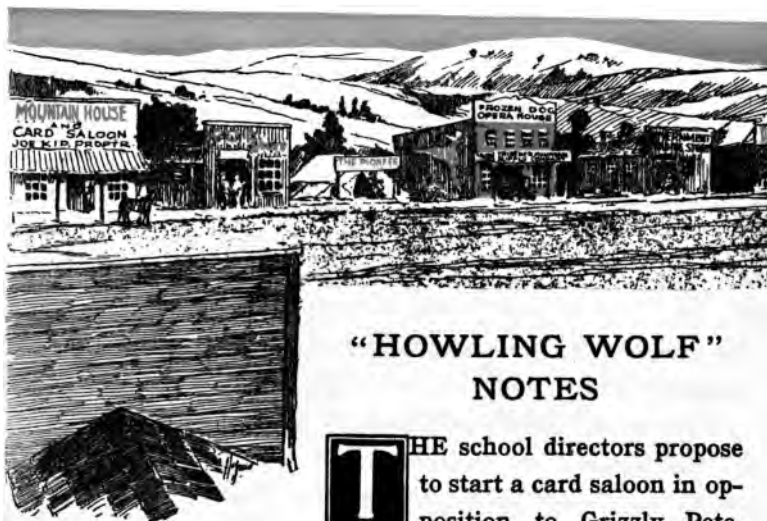
Our hunting-party deftly nipped off a few ears and noses from the mob, just to be sociable, and while the excitement reigned we merrily rode out of town.

The end is not yet. We realize that the rights accorded by our Constitution have been trampled upon and that the dignity of the law has been trailed in the dust. We are a creature without malice, but



we will bet a hundred yearly subscriptions to "The
Howling Wolf" against a blue chip that we will
have a dinner-party composed of some of the
ring-leaders of Elk City, and that the only
food will be our old felt hat, which
they will eat, if it takes every
man, woman, and child in
Frozen Dog to per-
suade 'em.





"HOWLING WOLF" NOTES

THE school directors propose to start a card saloon in opposition to Grizzly Pete, unless Pete gives up ten per cent of the "kitty" to help raise the \$100 necessary to build the new schoolhouse edifice. Chip in, Pete.



Jones, the woman-hating bachelor of Frozen Dog, makes these statements about the fair sex:

1st, No woman ever lived who did n't own a looking-glass.

2d, The less hair a woman has the longer it takes her to do it up.

3d, Whenever I admire a woman's figure some of the girls tell me it is made up.



4th, When a woman looks contented I find she is a widow and her husband left her a lot of life insurance.

5th, I know of no sweeter thing than being coaxed by a pretty girl.

6th, The girl who has furs will put them on the next day after laying off her shirt-waist.



Joe Kip, Mayor of Frozen Dog, says, "A thin man always hangs around the ladies; he is active, quick; he changes here and there and cannot well be depended upon. The tailor can fit him well; he shines and glitters like a fashion-plate; but the thin man, for all these reasons, usually is deeply in debt. The stout man, per contra, hath a tranquil look; he is slow to move, but when he settles he does so forcibly, and he is there to stay. His coat is not as skilfully cut, but he has money in the bank, and somewhere in the outskirts of the city he has a home in



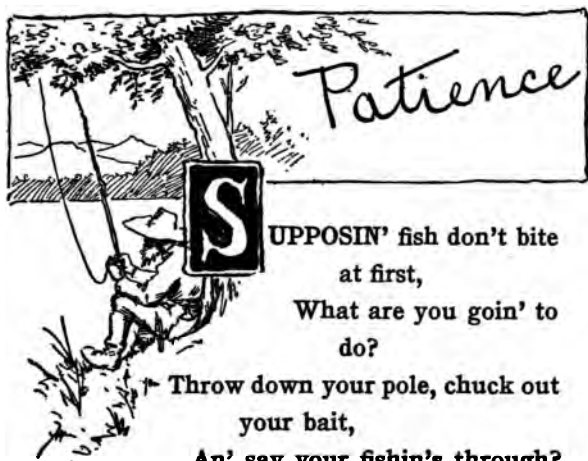
his wife's name, and soon another piece of real estate, and he becomes a landed proprietor. After him his thin heirs come, and they dissipate his fortune into thinner air."



Grizzly Pete says, "The man what talks too much is settin' traps fer himself."



The Horse Show at Frozen Dog, Idaho, was a great success. Grizzly Pete's mustang got first prize in the cayuse class, and Joe Kip got first prize in the driving class. He owned the only horse in Idaho County that could be hitched to a rig. The gate receipts of \$12.00 for the week were divided equally between the two prominent citizens above referred to. Grizzly Pete was judge for the cayuse class and Joe Kip for the driving class.



SUPPOSIN' fish don't bite
at first,
What are you goin' to
do?
Throw down your pole, chuck out
your bait,
An' say your fishin's through?
You bet you ain't; you 're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you 've ketched a basketful
Or used up all your bait.

Suppose success don't come at first,
What are you goin' to do?



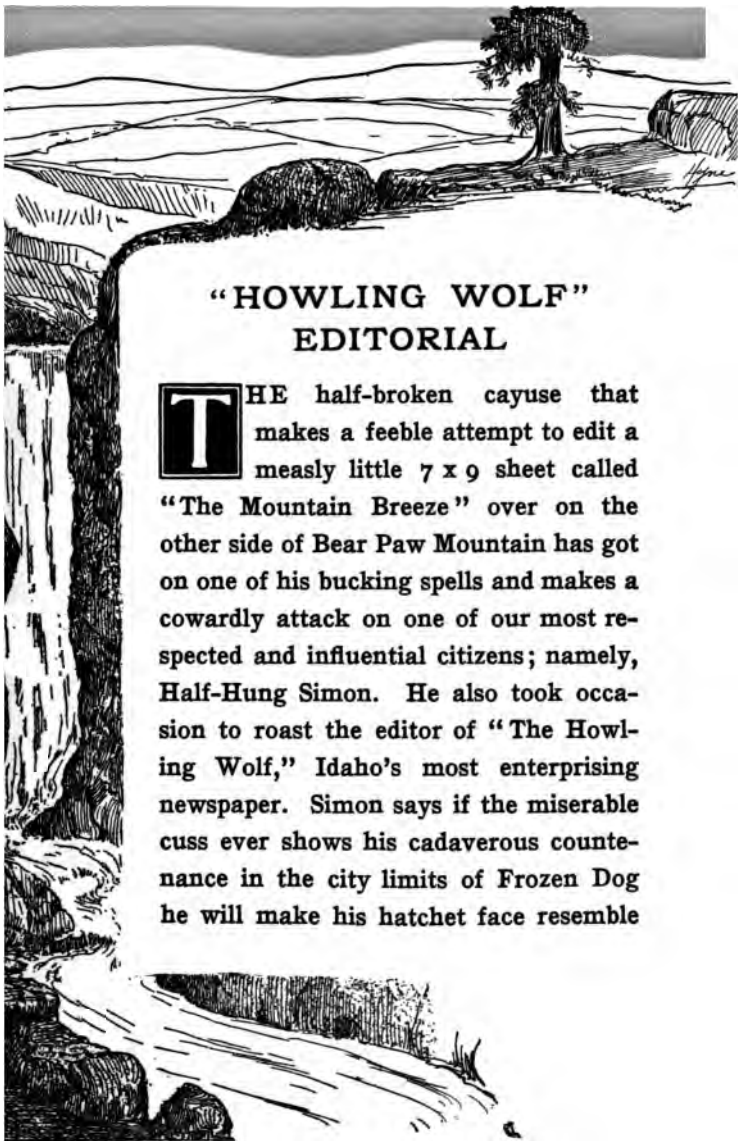
Throw up the sponge an' kick yourself,
An' growl, an' fret, an' stew?
You bet you ain't; you 're goin' to fish,
An' bait, an' bait agin,
Until success will bite your hook,
For grit is sure to win.



A German who learned English by the book walked into a grocery store recently and said, "I would like the empty barrel of salt to make an pig-pen for my dog yet."



The great man is oftentimes a fool in things wherein others are wise; but this does not make the great man a fool.



“HOWLING WOLF” EDITORIAL

THE half-broken cayuse that makes a feeble attempt to edit a measly little 7 x 9 sheet called “The Mountain Breeze” over on the other side of Bear Paw Mountain has got on one of his bucking spells and makes a cowardly attack on one of our most respected and influential citizens; namely, Half-Hung Simon. He also took occasion to roast the editor of “The Howling Wolf,” Idaho’s most enterprising newspaper. Simon says if the miserable cuss ever shows his cadaverous countenance in the city limits of Frozen Dog he will make his hatchet face resemble



a pepper-box cover. We endorse Simon's resolution and will do all we can to protect the honor and integrity of our constituents, and we give notice right here that no half-breed ink-slinger can attack a reputable citizen of these diggings without a protest from the editor of "The Howling Wolf." Simon is a self-made man, a man of the strictest integrity and most honorable motives. Generosity is one of the beautiful traits of his unblemished character. Like his heart, his whisky bottle and tobacco-pouch are always open to his friends. Quick to resent an insult and quicker with his gun, Simon is a man that any man of sense is glad to call his friend. To call Simon a horse thief is a libel of the worst kind, and if the self-styled editor of "The Mountain Breeze" was worth a rope and the time to go over Bear Paw Mountain, the coyotes would have a picnic picking what little flesh there is off his disjointed bones. Everybody that knows Simon knows that



he is a lover of fine horses; in fact, it is his pride to see people own good horses and to own them himself; there is nothing selfish about his nature. At one time by his thrift and energy he owned the finest string of horses ever seen in one bunch in Idaho, a peculiarity of which was that every horse bore a different brand.

Horse thief, indeed! We will stake the entire plant of "The Howling Wolf" against a blue chip that the miserable specimen of manhood in "The Mountain Breeze" office stole the pennies off his dead grandmother's eyes and then slapped her in the face because they was n't two bits. He further states that Simon not only stole horses, but was hung by the Vigilance Committee as a common horse thief. This assertion we refute, and will back our refute with our six-shooter. The fact that Simon was once strangled by a halter is a well-known fact in Frozen Dog. It is also a historical fact that his life was saved by the editor of "Howling Wolf" and Judge



Schultz. The chain of circumstances attending the accident is too long to repeat here, but we will not sit in our sanctum sanctorum and hear our fellow-citizen and neighbor called a horse thief, and we mean just what we say.



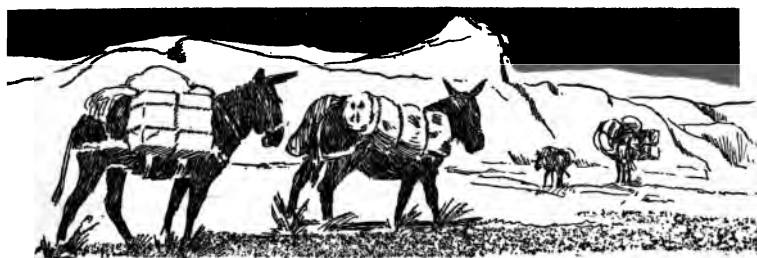


THE HOSS THIEF'S PRAYER

THE rope was round the hoss thief's
neck,
And dangled o'er the tree;
The vigilantes all ready were
To start the lynchin'-bee,
When up spoke Grizzly Pete, and said:
"Have you any last request?
Speak, man, for you are goin' to
Your long and happy rest."
A tear stood in the bandit's eyes,
Those eyes once bright and gay.
He squared his shoulders, cleared his throat,
Then feelingly did say:
"I've led a dark and wicked life,
Filled graveyards by the score,
And I can't blame you, pardners, now
For feelin' mighty sore.
But I could mend my wicked ways
If I could only go



Back to those snow-capped mountings—
The hills of Idyho.”
The robber paused, for mighty sobs
Convulsed his manly frame,
But to the stern-eyed vigilantes
His weeps seemed mighty tame.
For, rough men tho' the lynchers seemed,
Their hearts yet tender were,
And as the tears ran down their cheeks,
His sins they seemed to blur.
Joe Kip he cut the bandit's bonds,
The noose he took away,
Then, holding onto both his hands,
To him did softly say:
“We 've heard the story of your life,
Your dark and bloody deeds,
The years you 've passed in shootin' men
And stealin' others' steeds.



Your tale has moved our hardened hearts,
And we will let you go
Back to the place you 're longin' for —
The hills of Idyho! ”



When a ship leaks you may keep it afloat by
pumping out the water, but a better way is to stop
the leak.



Some sigh for a life of pampered ease and per-
fumed luxury in a silken nest. But no man can be
happy unless he works for that which he has.



The man who gets mad easily suffers more men-
tal torture than the man he gets mad at.



THE SENSITIVE MAN

JUDGE SCHULTZ, the well-known jurist of Frozen Dog, sends us the following screed which was written during his campaign this fall:

“For comfort it is better to have a thick skin, but for accomplishment that is worth while power lies in the sensitive temperament. The sensitive man suffers a great deal on his way through life. He is jarred by discord and opposition. His craving is for peace; criticism stings him like the lash of a whip. Sensitive men, as a rule, endeavor to hide their suffering from the public gaze. In this endeavor they assume an arrogance or a cynicism that is not genuine. Some of the boldest flouters of critics and opponents are really the most sensitive. Behind their outward show of contempt they suffer the keenest agonies of soul torture.

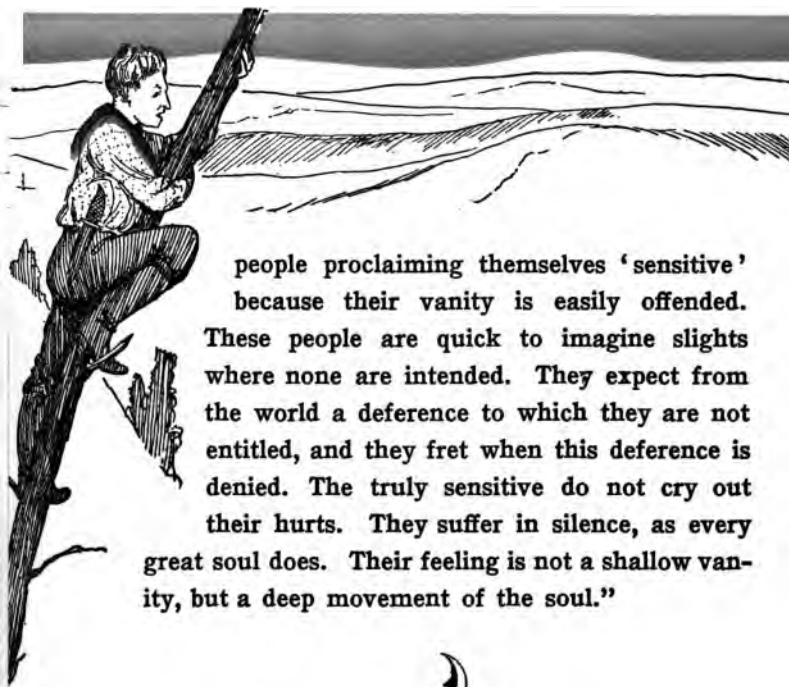
“But the sensitive is the creative temperament.



A man who does not feel cannot perform. He is not creative nor original. The sensitive man shuns polemics, the give and take of contest; but once in a fight, he stays. All the great men have been sensitive. The sensitive man takes things seriously. The sensitive temperament is the temperament of the thoroughbred whose pride keeps him from giving up. It is the sensitive men that battle for an ideal, for a principle.

"Sensitiveness is a symptom of brains. The dull wit is protected by a thick skin. But the thinker is sensitive because he thinks. He is self-analytical. He meditates on criticism and measures himself by it. To the world he may appear to be as hard as steel and as cold as ice, but he feels deeply, as every man of brains does. Intensity of feeling is a necessary element of genius, and intensity of feeling is only possible to the sensitive temperament.

"Genuine sensitiveness must not be mistaken for a spurious sensitiveness, which is very common and which is nothing but vanity and conceit. One finds



people proclaiming themselves 'sensitive' because their vanity is easily offended. These people are quick to imagine slights where none are intended. They expect from the world a deference to which they are not entitled, and they fret when this deference is denied. The truly sensitive do not cry out their hurts. They suffer in silence, as every great soul does. Their feeling is not a shallow vanity, but a deep movement of the soul."



Constant craving for company and the horror of being alone is a sign of mental weakness. Man grows in solitude. Good business plans, good ideas, are always worked out in solitude. Take an hour or two each day by yourself and think. Write down your ideas, no matter whether they are good or not. Write, write, write, and you'll get in the way of bettering yourself and your business.



FROZEN DOG FLAMES

LAST Wednesday evening Frozen Dog's new court-house caught fire by spontaneous combustion. The alarm was given by ringing the school bell loudly. It happened that a nice game was going on at the Mountain House and Card Saloon and that the chief and most of the firemen of our volunteer brigade were sitting in the game. However, they played two rounds of Jacks and a Tiger and then went home and put on their fire uniforms and were at the court-house in an hour and a half from the time the fire started. The edifice was fully insured. The loss will not be total, as three crow-





bars, seven fish plates, and a lot of railroad spikes were saved, being practically unharmed except for a little rust caused by a pail of water which the fire department threw on the burning structure. "The Howling Wolf" does not like to interfere with games, but really believes that whenever a fire breaks out the firemen should drop their business or their pleasure and attend to the fire without delay.



No cigarette fiend ever made a success in business. We have seen fiends who had successful businesses, but they became cigarette-smokers after and not before they made their success. As a matter of business economy, every employer should refuse to employ a cigarette-smoker. Some of the largest institutions in the country have adopted this rule, and



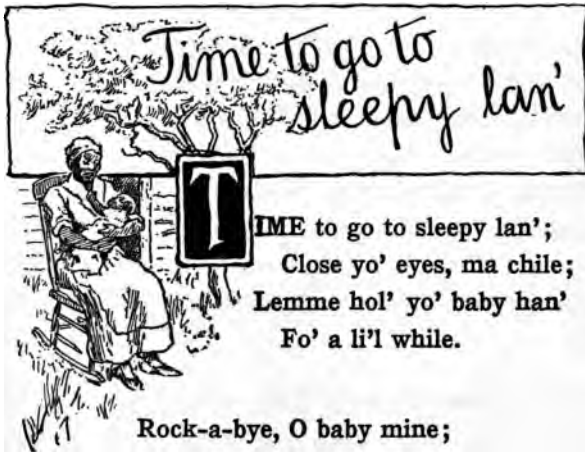
the benefits of the system are easily apparent. A cigarette-smoker is unreliable, he becomes incompetent, nervous, irritable, and the grade of his work is below standard. This is not theory, but fact, and no one will attempt to deny it but the cigarette-smoker himself.



If you have to bear it, do it without grinning. If there is anything irritating it is the man who persists in smiling when the house tumbles on him.



The longer you travel the right road the easier it becomes; the longer you travel the wrong road the more difficult it becomes.



Rock-a-bye, O baby mine;
Sleep on twel de sun
On yo' li'l face do shine,
An' wake you jes' fo' fun.

Flower an' rattle in yo' han'!
Played so hard to-day,
Youse goin' off to sleepy lan'
While I rock away.



Ain' you glad to hab yo' mam'
 Watchin' while you sleep,
Deares', sweetes', li'l lam'?
 Don' you min' me weep.

Ain' no baby in dis lan'
 Half so sweet as you;
Don' believe I ebber can
 Tell ma lub fo' you.

When youse sick, ma li'l boy,
 It breaks yo' mammy's heart.
In dis worl' dey 'd be no joy
 If we had to part.

Rock-a-bye, O honey chile;
 I libs an' works fo' you,
Thinkin' ob you all de while.
 Lub you? 'Deed I do!



When you gets to be a man,
An' yo' mammy 's gone,
Wondeh if you ebber can
Recolleck her song.



[Copies of this lullaby, set to music and elegantly printed on heavy, linen-lined paper, with beautiful cover design, may be obtained at any music store, or may be had of the publishers. Price, 50 cents, post-paid.]



TIME TO GO TO SLEEPY LAN'

Dedicated to My Wife

NANNIE DUNCAN HUNTER

Score by EMILY HANSEN

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes and the left hand providing a harmonic accompaniment. The voice part is written on a single staff with lyrics. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). The lyrics are:

1. Time to go to sleepy lan'; Close yo' eyes, ma chile;

2. Ain' no ba-by in dis lan' Half so sweet as you;

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dim. *p*

Lem-me hol' yo' ba-by han' Fo' a lil' while.
Don' be-lieve I eb-ber can Tell ma lub fo' you.

dim. *p*

p

Rock-a-bye, O ba-by mine, Sleep on twel de sun
When youse sick, ma lil' boy, It breaks yo' mammy's heart.

p



cres.

On yo' li'l face do shine, Wake you jes' fo' fun.
In dis worl' dey'd be no joy If we had to part.

cres.

cres.

Bye - o - ba - by mine, Bye - o - bye : - O
Bye - o - ba - by mine, Bye - o - bye : - O

cres.



Flow'ran' rattle in yo' han'! Played so hard to-day,
Rock - a-bye, O hon-ey chile; Libs an' works fo' you,

Go - in' off to sleep-y lan' While I rock a - way.
Think-in' ob you all de while. Lub you ? 'Deed I do!



2d stanza, semper pianissimo ad finem.

Ain' you glad to hab yo' mam' Watchin' while you sleep,
When you gets to be a man, An' yo' mammy's gone,

dim. *p* *1st Time. 1st rit. Stanza.*

Deares', sweetes', li'l . lam'? Don' you min' me
Wondeh if you eb - ber can (Omit . . .)

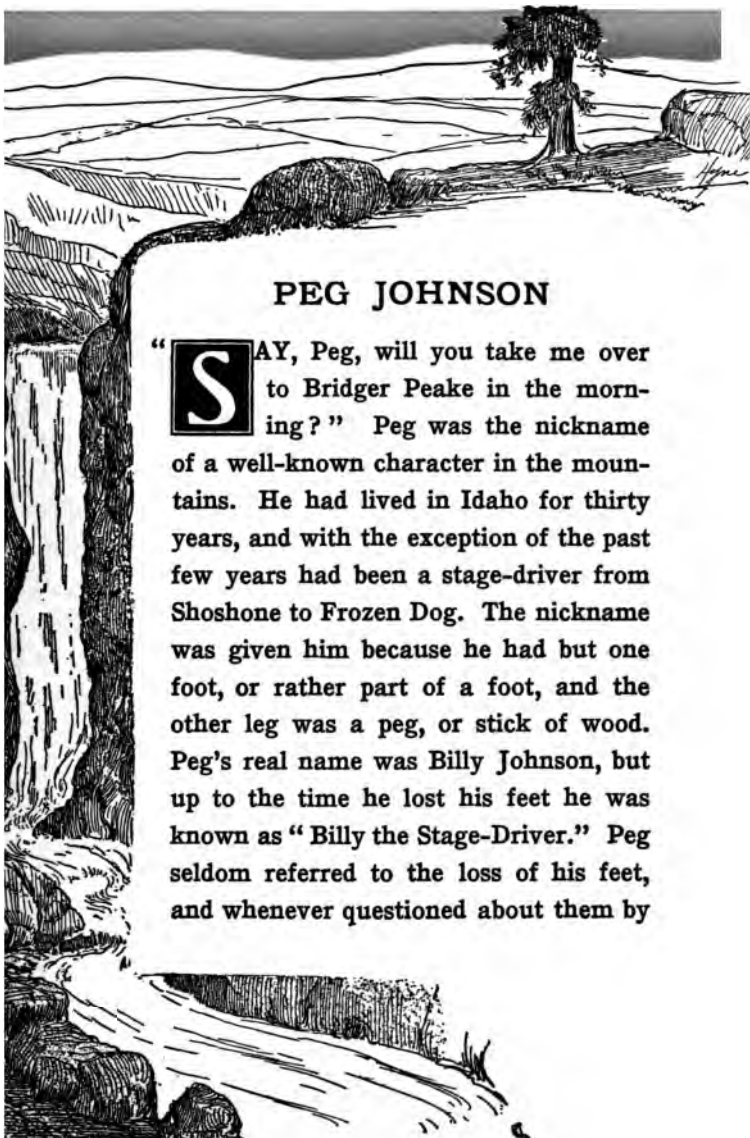
dim. *p* *rit.*



D.C. *2nd Stanza.* *rit. pp* *pp*

weep. Rec - ol - leck her song.

D.C. *rit. pp* *pp*



PEG JOHNSON

“**S**AY, Peg, will you take me over to Bridger Peake in the morning?” Peg was the nickname of a well-known character in the mountains. He had lived in Idaho for thirty years, and with the exception of the past few years had been a stage-driver from Shoshone to Frozen Dog. The nickname was given him because he had but one foot, or rather part of a foot, and the other leg was a peg, or stick of wood. Peg’s real name was Billy Johnson, but up to the time he lost his feet he was known as “Billy the Stage-Driver.” Peg seldom referred to the loss of his feet, and whenever questioned about them by



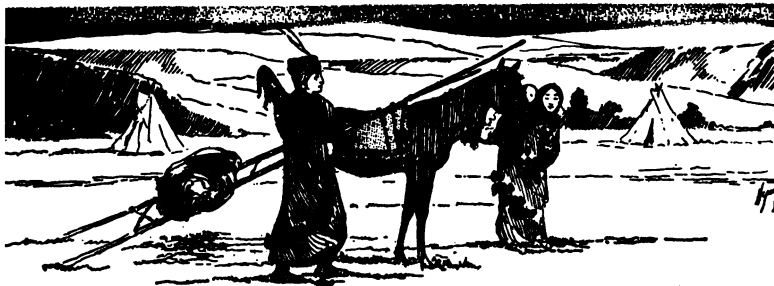
a stranger his invariable reply was, "Froze 'em ten years ago."

I had just arrived in Frozen Dog one day to attend to some mining interests I had there, and I looked up my old friend Peg and asked him to take me over to Bridger Peake. Peg said, "All right, Colonel, I'll have the ponies ready at sun-up." Accordingly, next morning we were in the saddles and off for old Bridger's. We arrived there at ten o'clock, and after finishing my errand we hobbled our cayuse ponies and I went up one of the gulches and shot a couple of geese, which we cooked for dinner.

While smoking our corn-cob pipes I said, "Peg, how did you happen to lose your feet?"

"Froze 'em!"

"I've heard that, but how did it happen?" said I. Peg was reticent, but after a good deal of strategy I got the story from him.



Ten years ago Peg came in to Frozen Dog from his stage run. He had finished his supper and was sitting by the stove in the Mountain House, as the hotel or boarding-house was called. A woman came in and said, "Is Billy the Stage-Driver here?" Peg answered her, and she explained that an Indian boy had just come in on snow-shoes with the information that her husband, who had a camp ten miles back on the hill, was dangerously ill and needed her to nurse him. The night was one of the coldest in the year, twenty-two degrees below zero.

"My old man 's mighty sick and I got to get to him to-night for sure," said the woman. "I kaint get no one to go with me and I kaint walk it, and Grizzly Pete told me there wasn't no man who would take me, unless it was Billy. I think a sight of my old man, and if you kaint take me I 'm goin' to walk it." With this she started to weep.

Peg said, "Well, lady, I 've just come off an all-day trip an' I 'm purty tired, but I won't see no



woman a-sufferin'; be ready and I'll be here with my sled in fifteen minutes."

He bundled the woman as well as he could and they started for the hills. About five miles out the snow commenced to fall. A regular blizzard came up, and shut off the moon's light. The cold was intense, the poor woman was thinly clad, and she complained of her feet being awfully cold.

Peg took off his rubber packs and his great fur coat and fur mittens and got out to lead the horses, saying, "You just set still, lady, an' I'll sort o' feel the way and lead the horses," his real object being to exercise, to keep from freezing.

Painfully and slowly picking his way along for several hours, he finally came to the cabin of the sick man. When he got in the little log shack, near the stove, his feet and hands seemed to be on fire. They were frozen so badly that he could n't walk. His fingers and toes swelled up and turned black, but he did nothing but pack them in snow for



several days until the weather moderated. Finally a trapper came by and drove him to Frozen Dog.

The doctor had to amputate the toes on one foot and the other leg above the knee on account of the gangrene that had set in. He also cut off three fingers from one hand and two from the other.

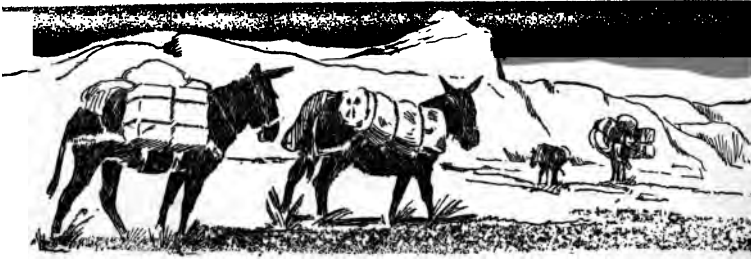
When Peg had finished, I marvelled at his heroism, and, after a little silence, I said:

"Peg, old man, you are a hero. Such stories usually appear in books, but I never met such a man face to face."

"What you givin' us? I did n't do nothin' worth speakin' 'bout," said my hero.

"Yes, you did; but it's pretty tough luck," said I, "after such sacrifice to have to lose your feet and fingers."

"Tough luck, h—l," Peg remarked, as he relit his pipe. "I'm the luckiest feller in Idaho. I drove stage for twenty-five years, and this is the only thing ever happened to me."



A Frozen Dog Jodyl



'M settin' in my cabin with
my paper on my knees,
A-dreamin' of Chicago an' the
sights a stranger sees.

I 'm thinkin' of you all, an'
the fixin's and the frills,
Your queer idees of pleasure,
an' your struggle payin'
bills,

The hustle and the bustle, the mad race after wealth,
An' the terrible nervous tension that 's like to ruin
health.

Joe Kip and me is smokin'— we 've hed our ev'nin'
nip—



An' we 're talkin' 'bout the many things we saw on
our last trip:

The houses big as castles, with servants chasin'
'round;

Them hacks with rubber tires
that scarcely make a
sound;

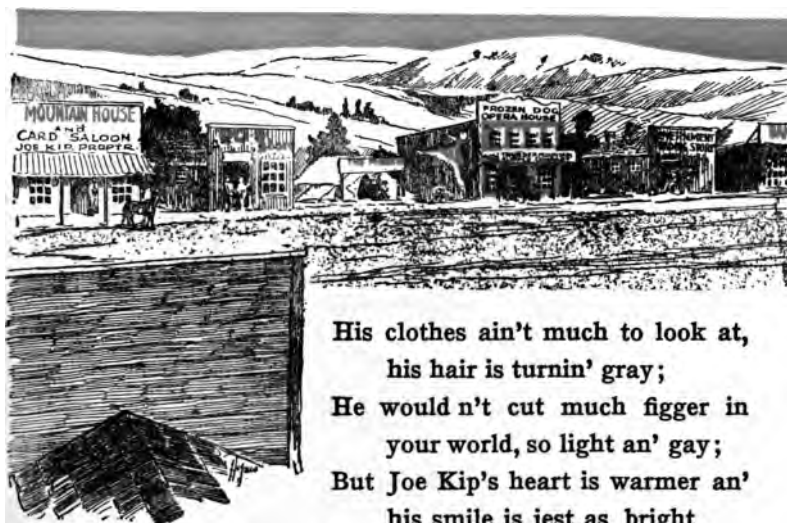
The streets jest filled with
people who are busy day
an' night;

State Street illuminated — one
long, grand blaze of light.



I 'm wonderin' an' lookin' at
Joe Kip settin' near;

Me an' him 's been pardners now fer more 'n thirty
year.



His clothes ain't much to look at,
his hair is turnin' gray;
He would n't cut much figger in
your world, so light an' gay;
But Joe Kip's heart is warmer an'
his smile is jest as bright

As any 'tendin' doin's in the city world to-night.



My kids they call him
uncle, an' his call
me the same,
Fer we 're jest as much
like brothers as if
we hed one name;
Me an' him is happy,
an' my love fer
him is such
I 'd pass in my chips
fer him, an' he 'd
do jest as much.



When death comes 'round to visit us an' takes one
pard away,
The one that 's left behind we know the other's bills
will pay.

Frozen Dog ain't got no gaslight, but I reckon I
don't care;
Coal-oil burns good an' stiddy, an' I find my old
arm-chair
Is mighty soft an' restin' an' affordin' all the joys
Of any in Chicago, that place of strife and noise;
An' so I 'm kinder figgerin' if Chicago was arrayed
'Gainst old Joe Kip an' Frozen Dog, why, you bet
I would n't trade.



SOLICITOR'S MAXIMS

THE following maxims, tho' not poetical or beautiful in style or composition, are nevertheless truthful, and well worthy of consideration. Every man who solicits or sells goods should read and reread the maxims.

While waiting thy turn, sing not, neither drum thy fingers.

Smoke not, neither chew gum.

Show not thyself glad at the misfortune of a rival.

Let thy song be short but convincing.

Avoid arguments—'t is a waste of time.

Jest not at things of importance. If thou makest a witty or happy gag or pun, laugh not thereat thyself.

Carry not reports that may harm a person.

Dress well, but not fiashily. The man who dresses loudly wishes thereby to attract attention from him-



self, thus admitting there is nothing in his physiognomy worth attention.

Mix with those who make money.

Talk of thine own business. Detract not from thy rival's, neither be loud in commending a rival. Use the expression "very good;" it neither praises nor runs down thy rival.

Be not curious to know thy customer's private affairs.

Rubber ye not when near a customer's desk.

Be not tedious. Make a quick get-a-way.

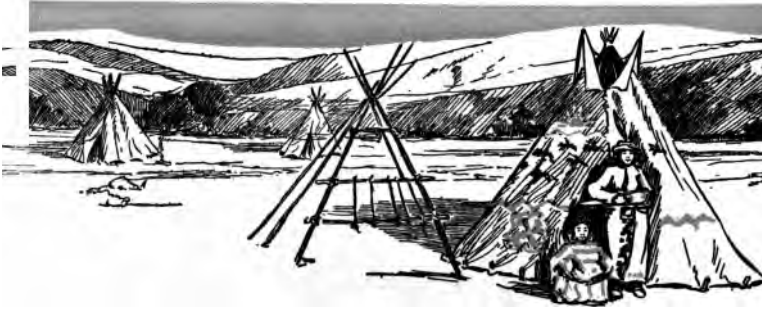
Speak no evil of the absent, no matter how they may seem to deserve it.

Be not a smart Aleck. Remember, the steady, truthful, earnest, patient man winneth sure success.

Count thy friends as part of thy wealth.

Associate not with non-successes.

Time is money; waste neither in bar-rooms.



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While smoking our corn-cob pipes I said, "Peg, how did you happen to lose your feet?"

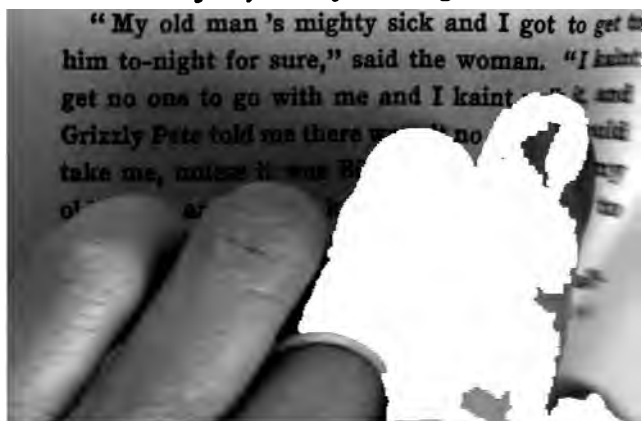
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FROZEN DOG FANCIES

FRED PAGE owns a little cabin in the gulch. He has corn shipped here once a week. He don't sell corn meal or any breakfast food, but he has the hottest red liquor that ever burned the copper out of a miner's throat. We had a funeral Wednesday. It was a fellow named Smith. He was a revenue officer who visited Fred Page's cabin.



Ed Searls has bought a new red wheelbarrow. Speaking of wheelbarrows—it's a good thing, push it along. How about it, Ed?



The new school-teacher from Boston tried to get Judge Schultz to learn a game of golluf. It is a cross



several days until the weather moderated. Finally a trapper came by and drove him to Frozen Dog.

The doctor had to amputate the toes on one foot and the other leg above the knee on account of the gangrene that had set in. He also cut off three fingers from one hand and two from the other.

When Peg had finished, I marvelled at his heroism, and, after a little silence, I said:

"Peg, old man, you are a hero. Such stories usually appear in books, but I never met such a man face to face."

"What you givin' us? I did n't do nothin' worth speakin' 'bout," said my hero.

"Yes, you did; but it's pretty tough luck," said I, "after such sacrifice to have to lose your feet and fingers."

"Tough luck, h—l," Peg remarked, as he relit his pipe. "I'm the luckiest feller in Idaho. I drove stage for twenty-five years, and this is the only thing ever happened to me."



under ground two days he found his departed had been buried beside a man who died of smallpox. Mrs. Butler had never been vaccinated, so Butler dug her up and vaccinated her.



Our town needs more chips in circulation, so we made a dicker with Reverend Whitechoker to divvy with the church if he would get up a show. He put on "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and the bar scene lasted two hours. He used real red liquor and made the supes yield up a red chip for every drink. The whole audience got up on the stage and helped to act the bar-room scene. We had to dismiss the audience; the encores were so strong we could n't go on with the play.

We cleared one hundred and eighty-four blue chips. We turned ninety-two over to the church.



In a month there is going to be a new play, called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All the actors are black except Uncle Tom and Topsy, who are white. This play is supposed to take place in Kaffir-land, and the white folks in the play are slaves.



Grizzly Pete has offered to give up five per cent of the earnings of his kitty for the new schoolhouse edifice that is to be put up.



We have succeeded in getting every one in Frozen Dog to take "The Howling Wolf" excepting old Jim Wood, who is a pauper and lives by picking up sleepers in the Mountain House and Card Saloon.



Smokin' an' Thinkin'



WIND 'S a-blowin' hard
to-night,
Room is warm an' fire is
bright;
Settin' in my rockin'-chair,
Folks abed, but I don't care,
Fer I 'm smokin' — an' thinkin'.

Golden Rule is mighty good;
I 've tried it, an' others should.
Thoughts arisin', old an' new,
Come to me, an' will to you
When you 're smokin' — an' thinkin'.



There 's a lot of happiness
Hoverin' 'round we 're sure to miss
If our hearts are hard and cold,
An' we forget that Rule of Gold,
I 'm thinkin' — as I 'm smokin'.

A kind word an' a helpin' hand
Cheer a friend an' give him sand.
Smiles beat frowns and hearts are trumps
When a fellow 's in the dumps
An' smokin' — an' thinkin'.

Friends that help are friends in fact;
Talk don't count — it is the act.
Cheer your friend an' make him glad,
Make him smile when he is sad
An' smokin' — an' thinkin'.



Cruel words strike to the heart;
Love grown cold makes life depart;
Just one word may wreck a name,
Hearts of stone do not feel shame—
I 'm thinkin'— as I 'm smokin'.

Those most hurt cry out the least;
Hunger shows not at the feast;
Breakin' hearts make not a sound,
Search fer these— they 'll not come 'round,
I 'm thinkin'— as I 'm smokin'.

Sorrow in this world to seek
Needs strong arms to help the weak;
Work fer me in shadowland,
Reachin' for the upstretched hand—
I 'm thinkin'— as I 'm smokin'.



Workin' hard from morn till night,
Always keepin' in my sight
Golden Rule an' watchful eye,
Always listenin' fer a sigh —
I 'm thinkin' — as I 'm smokin'.

Livin' a quiet kind o' life
With my kids an' my dear wife,
Live fer them an' they fer me.
We 're as happy as can be,
I 'm thinkin' — as I 'm smokin'.

Always tried to be a friend,
An' I hope that at the end
Those who knew me best will say,
"Golden Rule is sure to pay" —
I 'm thinkin' — as I 'm smokin'.



Wind 's a-dyin' soft an' light,
Fire no longer burnin' bright.
I 'm dreamin' in my rockin'-chair;
Twelve o'clock, I do declare,
An' I 've been smokin'— an' thinkin'.





GRIZZLY PETE IN CHICAGO

GRIZZLY PETE visited Chicago last fall, arriving on Saturday. We invited him to attend church with us on Sabbath morning, according to our usual custom. Pete remarked that the church business was a new game and he would have to re-nig on our proposition, as he did not wish to appear a tenderfoot. A beautiful young lady was visiting us, and after she had importuned Pete he at last consented to go, having been assured by the young lady that he could follow her example and no one would discover that he had never been in church before. The next morning, bright and early, Pete accompanied the young lady and was seated well forward in the church, his eagle eye watching every movement. At the opening prayer the young lady bowed her head reverently on the back of the seat in front of her. Pete "followed suit." Then the usher came



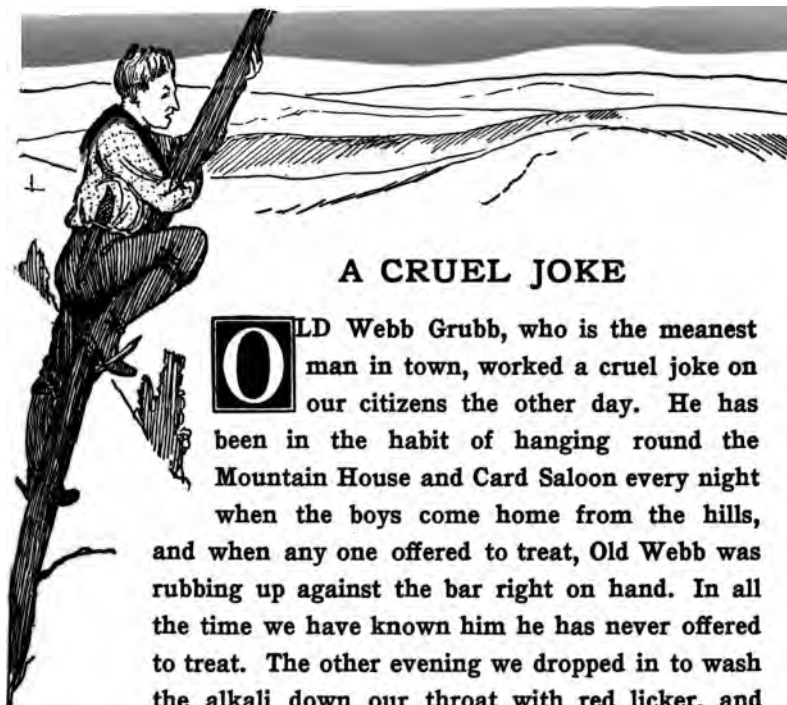
in to take up the collection. He had a sort of green sack on the end of a black walnut pole, to make the process easy. As he neared the pew where Pete sat, the young lady put her hand in her purse and brought forth a brand-new cent piece. Pete had never seen a cent piece before, and thought it was a \$5.00 gold piece, whereupon he dived his hand in his pocket and brought forth a \$20.00 gold piece, and awaited further developments. As the usher passed the green sack the young lady dropped in the cent, of course, and Pete looked at the usher and dropped in the \$20.00 gold piece. After the collection had been taken up the usher deposited the money on the table in front of the pulpit and started to return to his seat in the rear of the church. As he came down the aisle Pete's fingers twitched nervously and his hand stole to his pocket and rested on the handle of his faithful six-shooter. As the usher passed the aisle Pete whipped out his gun, getting a drop on the usher, and made the follow-



ing remark: "Say, Pardner; fair play. Did I win or lose? "



Too many persons get in the habit of relying on some one else to furnish brains for them. In every institution where five or more are employed you will find that one person is asked questions and the others ask for information. The latter unconsciously mark out the capable employees by asking them questions how to do this and how to do that. If the employer watches carefully and selects the employees who are telling the others he will make no mistake, for it is a sure scheme for selecting competent employees. For the fact that others ask a certain employee indicates that the employee who is asked questions is of a superior grade.



A CRUEL JOKE

OLD Webb Grubb, who is the meanest man in town, worked a cruel joke on our citizens the other day. He has been in the habit of hanging round the Mountain House and Card Saloon every night when the boys come home from the hills, and when any one offered to treat, Old Webb was rubbing up against the bar right on hand. In all the time we have known him he has never offered to treat. The other evening we dropped in to wash the alkali down our throat with red licker, and there we saw Webb leaning up against the bar as big as life. He placed his hands on the bar and in a loud voice said, "Well, boys, what are we goin' to have?" and before we could recover from the shock enough to say, "Red licker," he said, "Rain or snow?" This is the closest Webb ever came to treating, and we serve notice that the next time he tries any funny business he will have to make good or leave Frozen Dog forever and forever.



JOE KIP'S DREAM

THE many friends of Joe Kip will be interested in a dream which came to him night before last, just after his election as Supervisor of Frozen Dog.

"I dreamed a dream and beheld two old men. One was thin and wrinkled, and his face depicted sorrow and dissatisfaction; the other was round of form, and his countenance beamed with smiles, and every line in his face showed contentment and happiness.

"And a spirit appeared to me and said, 'Behold these men and mark them well. The first one lived a strenuous life, working hard, thinking only of gain.





He was inconsiderate of his friends; he did not give any attention to others' feelings; he never extended his hand to help another, and during his busy life his motto was that he should work hard and look out for number one, that he might attain a competency in his old age. By his manner of living and working he had few friends in his younger days, but in his narrow way of looking at things he figured that when he became wealthy, and retired in his old age, his money would bring him plenty of friends.

“ ‘The second man had a warm heart and sympathetic hand; he was ever doing something for some one; his hand and his purse were always at the call of the needy and sorrowing friend; he worked hard, yet made it his rule each day to speak a kind word and show evidence of friendship for those he loved, and in his younger working life he had many friends.’

“And the Spirit said to me, ‘Verily there is one thing no man can take from you, and that is rec-



ollections and remembrances, and in your old age you will be happy or sad according as your recollections are pleasant or otherwise. If you have lived like the first man there can be no pleasure in your recollections, and your last days will have no happiness in them. It therefore behooves you to make your present life happy, that your final days may be full of satisfaction and pleasant memories.' ”



Weigh your own faults with the scales of justice; but when you consider the shortcomings of your neighbor, borrow the balance of charity.



If a man is blind and deaf and dumb, and sits crippled in a corner, then his wife should have faith in him.



NOT A MYSTERY

OUR esteemed contemporary, "The Inland Gazette" of Pocatello, came out with an article last week announcing the mysterious disappearance of old Jim Baugh, who had been a resident of Frozen Dog for about a year, and conveying the impression that he had wandered away into the hills and got lost. As editor of "The Howling Wolf," and on behalf of the leading citizens of Frozen Dog, we wish to say that our esteemed need not bother to head a searching-party, as he appears willing to do. Any search of the hills for old Jim would prove fruitless. When he came to this town two years ago he had two guns in his belt and a knife in his boot-leg, and he appeared very anxious to have some one rub against him. On several occasions he had been arrested for breaches of the peace, and during the last six months we have had three or four private conversations with him. These were



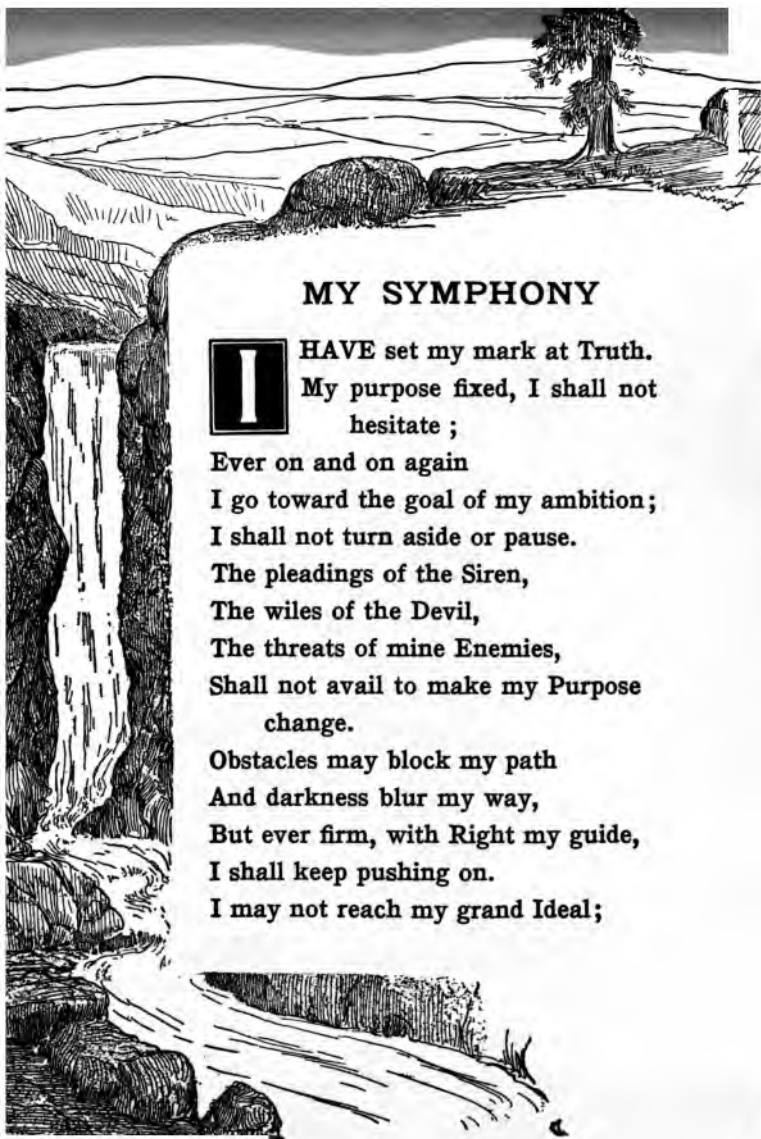
paternal conversations on our part, and were intended to make him a better man, but we are sorry to add that they fell on stony ground and did not take root. In fact, old Jim resented our interference with his domestic affairs, and made threats of such a nature that we decided to withhold further advice in the matter. We realized the inevitable result, however, and were not at all surprised last Monday when the secretary of the Vigilance Committee roused us out of a slumber and invited us to be present at a hanging.

Sunday night old Jim shot at one man and drew a knife on another, and when given official warning that he had better change climates he was very defiant. At 11 o'clock Monday night he was quietly seized and conveyed to the usual spot. Only about a dozen citizens were present. When old Jim realized that he was on his way hither he made a speech. He





spoke in English, and his effort was a vigorous one. Most of his remarks were directed at us personally. On several similar occasions we have been greatly pleased to hear the victims announce with their last breath that "The Howling Wolf" was worth five times the subscription price asked; but old Jim was n't advertising us as he prepared for his journey. On the contrary, he declared that if "The Howling Wolf" was to continue publication he did not care to live longer. He died very quietly, and was buried in the usual spot, and his personal effects will be sold at auction to-morrow. There is no mystery about the matter, and instead of being lost in the hills the man is now reposing in the suburbs. We do not claim that he came to his sad end because he refused to accept our service, but had he done so he might still be enjoying his whisky straights and holding down a front chair at the regular Saturday night dog-fights.



MY SYMPHONY

I HAVE set my mark at Truth.
My purpose fixed, I shall not
hesitate ;

Ever on and on again

I go toward the goal of my ambition ;

I shall not turn aside or pause.

The pleadings of the Siren,

The wiles of the Devil,

The threats of mine Enemies,

Shall not avail to make my Purpose
change.

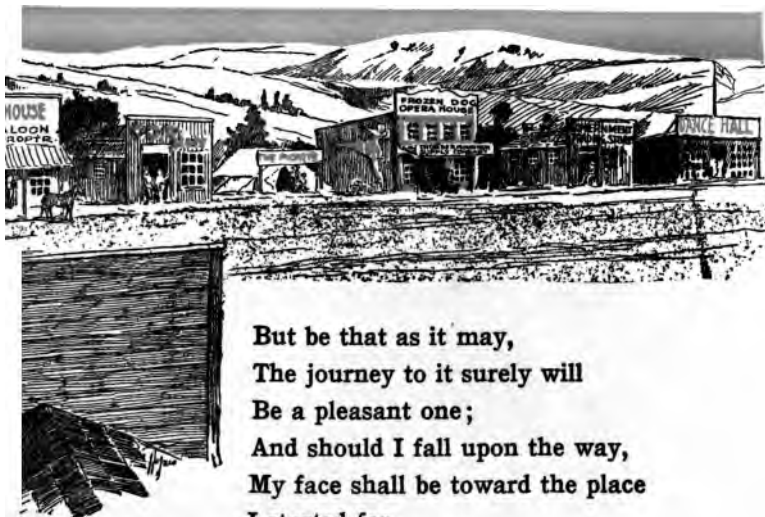
Obstacles may block my path

And darkness blur my way,

But ever firm, with Right my guide,

I shall keep pushing on.

I may not reach my grand Ideal ;



But be that as it may,
The journey to it surely will
Be a pleasant one;
And should I fall upon the way,
My face shall be toward the place
I started for.

Truth is Right and Right is Truth;
Wrong shall surely fail;
I shall not be discouraged
At Clouds or Storms.
I know the Sun doth shine;
It beams somewhere, tho' I see it not.
I fear not but the end of Time
Will show all Things that are, are best
For the Eternal plan.
Truth endureth and Lies shall not obtain
For any length of time.
In Shadowland are upstretched hands,
And 'midst the noise of this Great World
Are feeble cries for help;



My ear shall practise to hear such calls,
My hands shall train to lift the fallen ;
Noble men and women that are pushed aside
Need champions for their cause ;
Man, where'er he is or what he be,
Is none the less my brother,
And needs the strong to cheer him on.
What we extend in help and cheer
Brings its reward in Happiness.
It is not for me to say or think,
Look out for myself first ;
The bird, the beast, the stream that flows,
The hills, the fields, the land, the sea,
Are parts, are things, like me,
And all belong to one Grand Plan.
The stars, the moon, the sky,
And endless space as well,
Are little things in one machine
That runneth by but one Grand Power
Of which I am in truth a part,
An Atom though I be.



All things that are, are best —
This much Truth I know,
Though why things are I can't explain;
My Vision still is dim.
All answers will be given out
When Time shall be no more.
And so I keep a-plodding on,
And on and on my way;
My face is to the Light,
My heart doth sing for Joy;
I strive to do the best I can each day
In Act and Thought and Word;
I know not just the plan of things that are,
But back of all is Truth,
And Truth I seek;
I shall not know all Truth
Until the great Revealing Time.



THE WHY AND WHEREFORE

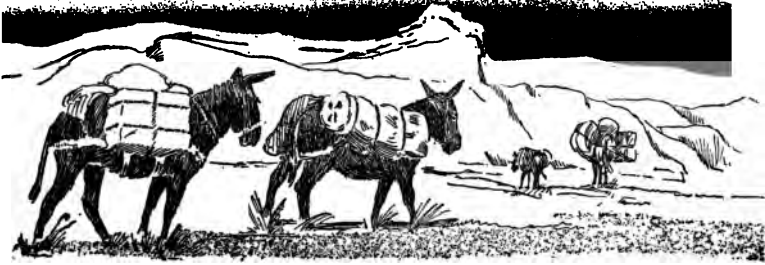
JOE KIP, of Frozen Dog, Idaho, tells us that a dog always turns round two or three times before he lies down. The dog does not know why this performance takes place; he satisfies himself with the reason that he has always done so. The custom originated in olden times, when the dogs used to turn round to trample the grass in order that they might have a soft place to lie on. It was a good scheme for the original dogs, but there is no use for the present generation to keep up the practice. The dog that turns round before lying down with no reason is like the man who never investigates, but always does things the way his father and grandfather did.

The actor in the modern play upon opening an envelope on the stage invariably strikes the letter with his hand. The modern tailor invariably puts buttons on the sleeves and on the back of a coat.



The modern man uses his right hand. Just why these customs prevail very few persons understand. A search in ancient history will make these things clear, perhaps.

In olden times sand was used to dry the ink, and some of it adhered, so that persons receiving letters invariably struck the paper to knock off the loose sand, and the modern actor keeps up the habit, though he knows not why. In olden times buttons were put on the back of the coat to keep the belt from slipping down, and on the sleeves to keep them inside of the gauntlet, and the modern tailor sews on the buttons, though he knows not why. Before the advent of gunpowder fighting was done with swords and battleaxes, and the soldiers used a shield. This shield was generally used to protect the heart, and consequently was held in the left hand. Fighting was the principal occupation



in olden days, and as the shield was held in the left hand, the right hand was used constantly, until people became right-handed.



Health is a property and, like any other property, it improves or runs down according as it is cared for. Health is the most valuable property in the world and should have much of every man's attention. The possession of good health helps you in your business. Poor health and good business don't make a good pair.



When you are talking business and making oral contracts or agreements, or when you pray, do not cross your fingers.



“HOWLING WOLF” NOTES

LAST night Half-Hung Simon had what the doctor called a hectic flush, but Judge Schultz called him with four Jacks and gathered in a bunch of red, white, and blue chips.



“Spring styles are all sprung, and now summer styles and some are not styles.” This joke is by Link Duke. Pretty slick, don’t you think?



Jones, the bachelor oracle of Frozen Dog, says: “The average man is a hypocrite in his relations with his wife. His wife forces him to act the part. She has a lot of foolish notions about what men should be. She builds up a fine ideal, and her husband in his early enthusiasm tries to live up to it.



He can't do it and he becomes a sneaking hypocrite. A wife who expects a lot of foolish things of her husband is simply setting a trap, and when her husband is caught and proved to be a hypocrite he will be an ugly customer.

"Wives should treat their husbands fairly and make due allowances. Cut out nagging, and they will find their husbands are good fellows."



U. S. money is now at ten per cent discount. The new chips have arrived from Chicago. They have a picture of Mountain House and Card Saloon on one side and Grizzly Pete's portrait on the other. Last Sunday morning Reverend Whitechoker collected two blue, five red, and sixty-one white chips. If U. S. money was insisted on he would n't have got over thirty cents. Chips are par in Frozen Dog, and there is never a counterfeit in circulation so long as the Vigilance Committee has Grizzly Pete for chairman.



DON'T GET ANGRY

ANGER and worry are most unprofitable. While they possess the mind, both mental and physical growth are suspended. To those who do not yield to these passions, every moment of existence is a delightful calm, during which they are susceptible to only good impressions. Worry is fear; worry grows on one; it's a habit—a bad habit. The next time you are angry pull yourself together and make a strenuous effort to be pleasant. Remember that nine-tenths of the worry of this life is in anticipating troubles that never occur. The man who worries gets angry. The man who has a smile never hears of impertinence from servants. 'T is the chronic kicker who is in hot water all the time. We will venture no one ever heard Phillips Brooks or George W. Childs complain of incivility from Pullman porters. Like begets like; the man who is bathed in sunshine and cultivates a happy disposition



sees a far better world and far pleasanter things than the sarcastic, touchy kicker, who worries and who delights to roast people and things. As we are, so is the world to us; therefore we can do no better than to master worry and anger, and a short trial of the new plan will convince you that it is the noble secret of happiness.



BE WHAT YOU ARE

Remember, we are what we are. Let us find out what we are adapted to, and then work hard along that line. A woman can't educate herself to be a blonde if she is a brunette. She may simulate blondness, but inspection will show she is a seventy-five-cent-per-bottle blonde. You can imitate the literature and plans of a successful man, but you can't imitate his inner soul or brain. It is the hidden force in a man that cuts the ice—he imparts



his very self to his work; his individuality shows in everything he does. Minds, like tools, need rest occasionally, and while at rest a mind, like a magnet, takes on more force. A magnet continuously used loses its power, like a bright mind. When you feel your efforts are heavy and your work dragging, then it is time to "go a-fishin'" a few days. The man who does the work he is born to do makes a success and never becomes a "has-been." We hear a great deal about has-beens, but our investigation shows us they are "never-was'es." They are like the seventy-five-cent-per-bottle blondes: they passed for something they were not, until they were found out.





Lazy Fishin' Days



IN'T got no time fer fool-
in' = Joe Kip is at the
gate

With a little willer basket an'
some grub an' lines an' bait.

The sun is jest a-risin', the lake is
mighty fine,

An' all the fish are bitin' an' wait-
in' fer my line.

Squirrels an' chipmunks chatterin'
watchin' me have fun;
Woodchuck peekin' from his hole,
blinkin' in the sun;





Bob-o'-link an' bluejays laughin' in the trees;
Little waves a-dancin', playin' with the breeze.

The katydids a-singin' in all the trees aroun';
They like to see me watchin' the bobber cork go
down.

Perch and croppie bitin', an' bass a-nibblin' too.
Won't have to lie 'bout fishin', fer I 'm sure to catch
a few.

The angle-worm is temptin'—pike a-playin' low,
He 's tryin' to play foxy—I 'm go-
in' to get him, though.
Shake the bait a little so as jest to
tease;
Soon old pike will flip-flop under
them oak-trees.





**Mighty pleasin' sport, you bet, sittin' on a rock;
Beats a store or office an' workin' by a clock.**

**Clears away the cob-
webs from your
weary brain;
Gives you inspiration;
makes you a man
again.**



**There ain't no medicine
I know for the ap-
petite**

**Like a summer mornin', waitin' fer a bite.
Lazy summer days are here—ain't you kind o'
wishin'**

**That you had your old clothes on, an' was settin'
here a-fishin' ?**



THE OLD-FASHIONED HOME

UNCLE SAMUEL takes an inventory every ten years, and he publishes it for the benefit of his great family.

In going over the census and labor statistics some very interesting facts may be found. In the first place, there are 421 towns in the United States having a population of 10,000 and over. This represents 31% of the total population, which may properly be called city population.

In New York City 6% of the families live in their own homes; in Boston, 16%; in Chicago, 14%; while the grand average in the 421 cities is 15%.

In the country towns, villages, and rural communities, 69% of the total population of the United States abide, and of this number 65% live in their own homes.

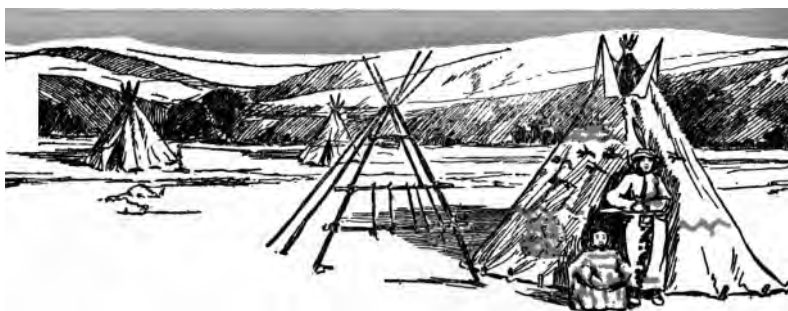
There you have it. In the cities 15% live in their own homes; in the country 65% live in their own homes.



The old-fashioned home is one of the best influences for good. The old-fashioned home in the country brings out the better qualities in a man. It makes the members of the family careful about hurting the feelings of others, and makes them considerate of their fellow men. The country people are happier than any other class. The home influence is responsible for this. People in the country are closer to one another. They live in their own homes and take a pride in the home and in all that goes to make the home.

When sickness comes, neighbors quickly volunteer aid. When hard luck or financial distress arrives, there are plenty of friends. We do

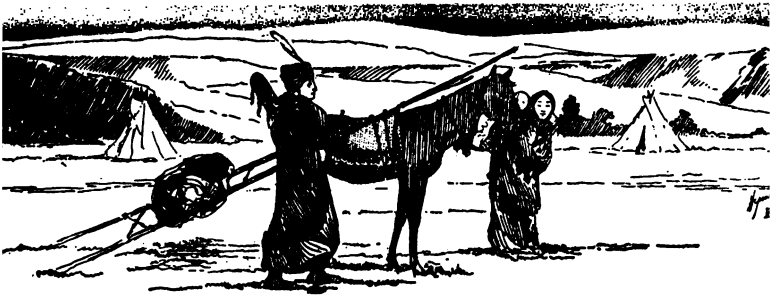




not hear of any one starving in the country. The neighbor's cupboard is always open to those who are in distress.

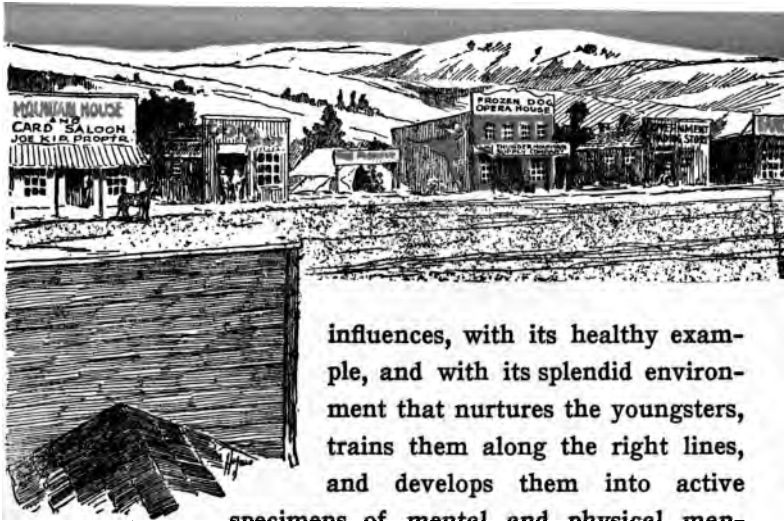
Study every condition existing in the country and nearly the opposite will be found in the city. The larger the city, the smaller the percentage of home-owners. In New York City, where only 6% of the people live in their homes, we find rows of cooped-up flats, little pigeon-holes, simply places where one may sleep—where one may go when all other places are closed. The people in these coops do not know their neighbors, and care less. Each one is selfish, looks out for himself, pushes through the crowd, tramples down the weak, lives on his nerves, draws himself up into his shell, and is impervious to all outside influences and finer feelings.

We are all creatures of environment, and our hearts go out in pity to the little fellow who is born



and reared in the great cities in these little tenements and cooped-up flats. The little fellow never gets his feet on old Mother Earth; he has no idea of the beauties of the country. The only grass he sees is surrounded by an iron fence, or is placarded with a sign, "Keep Off." This little chap is surrounded by all the selfish and artificial conditions peculiar to city people. He lives on his nerves, amidst excitement; his little body grows thin, and his brain develops mostly along the line of city slang, quick retort, selfishness, look out for number one, etc. The little chap in the country, from the very nature of his environment, has plenty of room to breathe and a wide sphere for observation, From the nature of his circumstances he is forced much of the time to be alone, and he thinks out and reasons for himself, and his brain develops along analytical lines. He observes much, reflects, and benefits.

Here 's to the old-fashioned home, with its good



influences, with its healthy example, and with its splendid environment that nurtures the youngsters, trains them along the right lines, and develops them into active

specimens of mental and physical manhood! And mark this: this old-fashioned country home furnishes the men who do things—the men of initiative.

Practically all of the leaders in statesmanship, nearly all the captains of industry, most of our men of letters, and even our Napoleons of finance come from the country, from the old-fashioned home. So rarely do we get a leader of men from the cities that when we find one he is a marked exception to the rule.

In these troublous times, when strikes and evidences of anarchy confront us, the trouble always comes from the cities, where very few people live in their own homes.



Statistics show us that of all the wage-earners in the United States, but 15% are organized into labor unions, and nearly all of these unions are in the large cities. Sometimes, as we sit in our offices in the cities and look upon the mob violence on the streets, we fear for the future — until we think of the old-fashioned home, and remember that 69% of our population live in the country, and that they are in favor of law and order. Should a crisis come,—
a conflict between the lawless elements and the
peace-loving citizens,—verily the coun-
try homes will furnish the solution
in men who are willing to sup-
press riot and see that the
rights given us by the
Constitution are
guaranteed.



WISE AND OTHERWISE

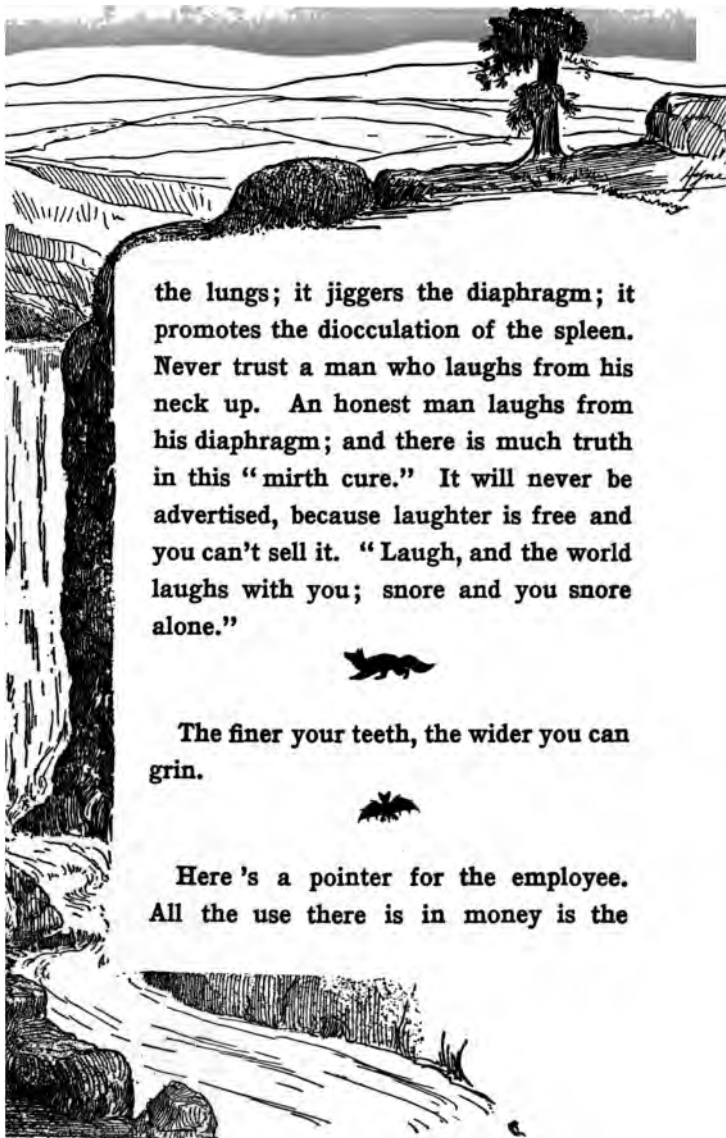
THE man who gets angry is his own worst enemy. Every angry moment shortens a man's life just so much. Life is judged by its pleasant memories. When you feel angry put on your hat and walk around the block a few times till you cool off.



Be on the square, and in a short time the benefits of the system will come back to you from every side. Don't get the reputation of being smooth. The square man enjoys life. The smooth man does n't.



Man is the only animal that was made to laugh. Laughter makes you healthy; it increases your blood circulation; it enlarges the heart; it expands



the lungs; it jiggers the diaphragm; it promotes the dioculation of the spleen. Never trust a man who laughs from his neck up. An honest man laughs from his diaphragm; and there is much truth in this "mirth cure." It will never be advertised, because laughter is free and you can't sell it. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; snore and you snore alone."



The finer your teeth, the wider you can grin.



Here's a pointer for the employee. All the use there is in money is the



use. If you had \$20,000 you could by its use get \$1,200 a year. If you are earning \$100 a month you are having the use of \$20,000.



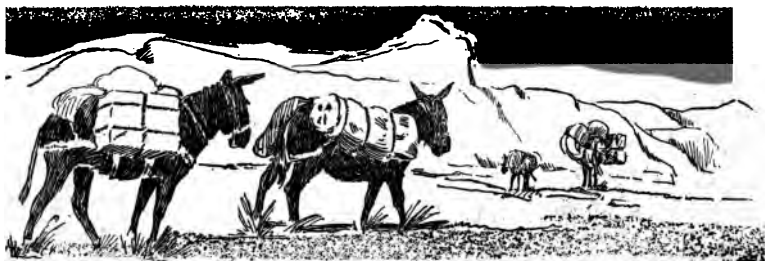
Let thy stenographer be faithful, strong, and homely.



Remember that when a man gives his reason for anything it is quite likely the reason is pretended, not real.



There is no substitute for rest. Medicine is a makeshift. Bracers and tonics are temporary. Get



plenty of sleep; spend more evenings at home surrounded by quiet influences. The man who works hard all day and seeks excitement in the evening soon finds "there's something wrong," and he is lagging behind in the procession. He gets a cheaper job and is a has-been. The young man who passes him at the half-mile post is the man who takes rest, and takes care of his health.



The more a man or a tree changes positions the less they will thrive.



A pessimistic friend propounded this to us the other day: "Does any one get what he wants in this life, and does any one want what he gets?" We suggest that if a man makes happiness his object in life



he will not know of pessimism, and happiness is within reach of all. It is the most valuable thing in the world: money can't buy it; you can only obtain it by making those around you happy. Carry sunshine with you, speak gently, help your brother. Do good acts quietly, and happiness will come surely and truly.



Cleanliness, exercise, rest, fresh air, a regular vocation, prudent conduct, and home love produce good living; while indolence, shiftlessness, dishonesty, suspicion, and malice make life miserable, and destroy it.



Every employer owes it to himself, if he would succeed, to do things and to treat his subordinates in a manner that will win loyalty. Don't be suspi-



cious; don't be afraid to speak a kind word; don't be afraid to compliment an employee who shows up well.



If there is something in your life or business you don't want known, remember if you had not done it you would have been spared lots of worry.



There are five kinds of persons you should be honest with: 1st, yourself; 2d, your friend; 3d, your doctor; 4th, your lawyer; 5th, every one else.



Never trust to appearances. A fur collar on an overcoat is no evidence that the man has an undershirt.



A FROZEN DOG QUADRILLE

[The effectiveness of this "Quadrille" is immensely heightened by delivering it, after the manner of a dance prompter, to the well-known air of "Money Musk," as printed below. The poem has a great "go" to it when thus given.]

Tune, "Money Musk"

Git yer little sage hens ready, Trot 'em out upon the floor;

Line up there, you cusses! Steady! Lively now! One couple more.



GIT yer little sage hens ready,
Trot 'em out upon the floor;
Line up there, you cusses! Steady!

Lively now! One couple more.
Shorty, shed thet old sombrero.

Broncho, douse thet cigarette.
Stop thet cussin', Cassimero,
'Fore the ladies! Now, all set!

S'lute your ladies, all together!
Ladies opposite the same;
Hit the lumber with yer leathers!
Balance all, an' swing yer dame!
Bunch the heifers in the middle;
Circle stags an' do-se-do!
Pay attention to the fiddle!
Swing her round an' off you go!



First four forward! Back to places!

Second follow—shuffle back!

Now you 've got it down to cases;

Swing 'em till their trotters crack!

Gents all right a-heel an' toin'!

Swing 'em; kiss 'em if you kin.

On to next an' keep a-goin'

Till yer hit yer pards agin!

Gents to center, ladies round 'em,

Form a basket; balance all!

Whirl yer gals to where ye found 'em!

Promenade around the hall.

Balance to yer pards an' trot 'em

'Round the circle double quick!

Grab an' kiss 'em while yer 've got 'em;

Hold 'em to it if they kick!



Ladies, left hand to yer sonnies!
Alaman! Grand right an' left!
Balance all, an' swing yer honeys;
Pick 'em up an' feel their heft!
Promenade like skeery cattle;
Balance all an' swing yer sweets.
Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle!
Keno! Promenade to seats.



A CORNED-BEEF MINE

THE other evening, while all the boys were sitting around the table in the Mountain House enjoying the regular game of poker, Link Duke announced that he had just incorporated the "Frozen Dog Corned Beef Mining Co." Judge Schultz is the attorney, Grizzly Pete, president, Joe Kip, secretary, while Link looks after the treasury. The history and formation of this company is quite interesting, and as some of the boys had not heard the story, Link related it to them.

It seems that he was sinking a shaft in the valley on the side of Bear Paw Mountain, when he ran across some peculiar looking formation. He brought some of it to the surface, and his dog started to eat it with keen relish. The material seemed to be a first-class article of corned beef, and Professor Blatchley, the principal of the Frozen Dog school, was appealed to. He analyzed the substance, and said it was sure enough corned beef. He looked into a lot of scien-



tific books and talked with several of the Indian chiefs in the neighborhood, and by putting together the facts thus obtained arrived at the following theory:

The Indians state that hundreds of years ago, when the buffaloes roamed the hills, there were great volcanic disturbances around Frozen Dog, and that on one occasion the buffaloes were stampeded. Millions of them started to run, tripped over the cliff, piled on top of each other, and made a mass of buffalo a mile deep and two miles long. Another eruption took place and the buffaloes were buried beneath three hundred feet of earth and stone. The information up to this point is obtained from the Indians. Professor Blatchley found by looking in the rocks and analyzing the chemicals in the ground that the earth was impregnated with chloride of sodium, which is common salt, and saltpetre. It seems that the water percolating through the ground dissolved the saltpetre and the salt and made a regular corned-beef brine, which served to preserve the buffalo



meat. As the years passed by the earth and rocks above settled down and squeezed all the buffaloes into a compact mass, and this is what Link Duke discovered when he was digging a shaft for the mine.

The State Agricultural Department have made borings and tests, and it is estimated that there are over a million tons of buffalo corned beef. The cost of obtaining the beef for the market is simply the expense of mining, which Mr. Duke estimates will be \$1.50 a ton. The company is formed with a capital of a hundred million dollars. The shares are par value of one dollar each, but the company proposes to sell them within the next thirty days at two cents per share. There is no doubt but that this new company will put the Beef Trust on the run, and we believe that Armour already has his agents in our midst trying to buy out the company, in which case the shareholders will make a big profit. Link Duke is to be congratulated on his lucky strike, for corned

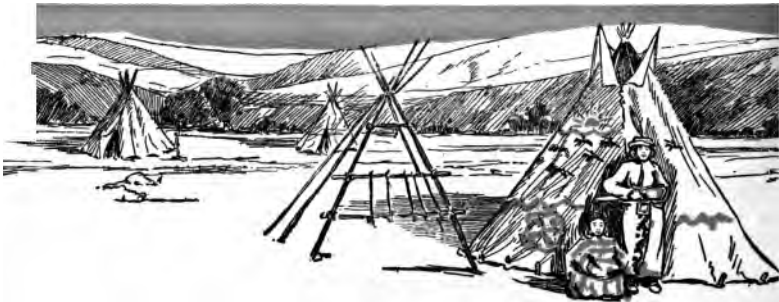


beef at \$1.50 a ton is a better proposition than low grade lead ore. Frozen Dog will hereafter be famed for its buffalo corned beef, if for no other reason.



It is certain that false statements cannot be maintained permanently, and that only truth is eternal. We have been taught since early childhood that we ought not to requite evil with evil, but with good, yet how few act accordingly. The best way to determine whether a proposition is right or wrong is to try it.

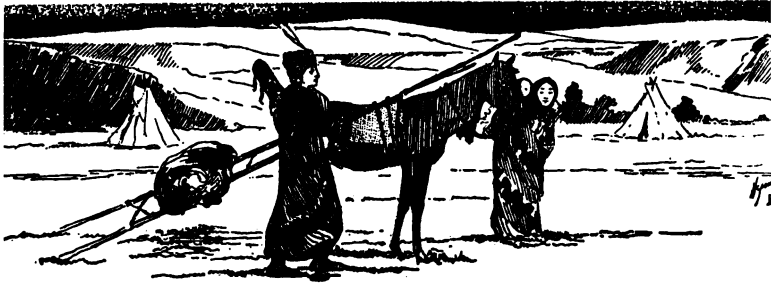
We know there is no satisfaction in revenge, and we know that those who return good for evil experience a satisfaction and happiness that is beyond the price of gold to buy. Repaying evil with good is a splendid plan. Try it; others may say that you will be a loser, but you are the one who benefits, and we are sure that if you practise the rule you will never regret it.



REMORSE MUSIC

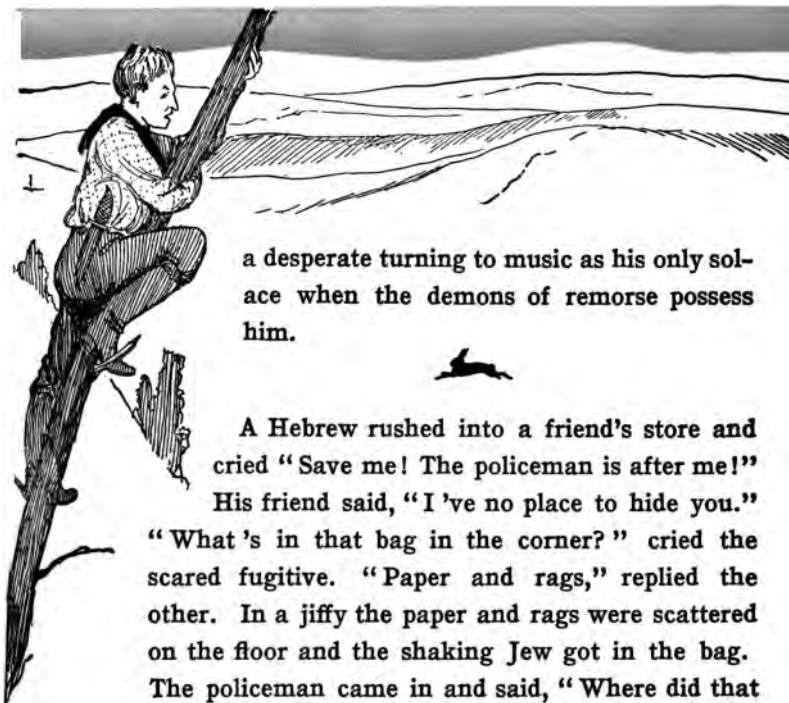
THERE is a tall, raw-boned man in Frozen Dog named Frank. He is a bad man when he is drunk. About once in three months he goes on a high lonesome, and then there is something doing. When he emerges from one of his occasionals he knows full well just what his course of remorse will be. First of all he gets a lot of red liquor and caches it in various places in the hills, all ready for the next time the Evil One gets the better of him. After carefully making these preparations, he tells his wife he is going over the hills to straighten up. He mounts his cayuse and goes over to Gardner's Ranch and says, "Here I am, Jim." He then proceeds to go to the sitting-room and play the organ.

Frank has it out with himself on the organ. He plays about three days. He first improvises, playing



simple melodies to soften the storm raging in his breast. Then come the old hymns. He plays sacred music, funeral marches, dirges, and the like. I have listened to him and have felt the passion, the hope, the despair, that coursed through him. If you should see this great rough man-killer, as I have seen him, and should witness his emotions and plaintive struggles while he was going through the torments of the damned, it would certainly touch you hard. About the last day Frank's music is of a lofty, aspiring, grand kind. It speaks of future hopes and better resolutions, in contrast to the music of the first day, which was meek, soft, and weird, expressing despondency and remorse.

Frank was born and raised in Boston, and graduated from a prominent school of music, where he made a name for himself. Then IT happened; he left Boston, changed his name, and now lives in the hills of Idaho, a rough, uncouth, brutal man, retaining just this one remnant of his former self,—



a desperate turning to music as his only solace when the demons of remorse possess him.

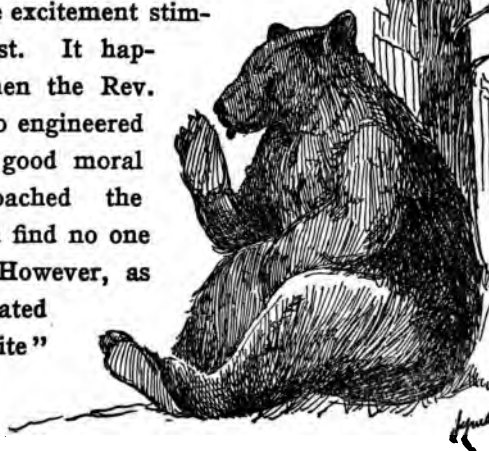
A Hebrew rushed into a friend's store and cried "Save me! The policeman is after me!" His friend said, "I've no place to hide you." "What's in that bag in the corner?" cried the scared fugitive. "Paper and rags," replied the other. In a jiffy the paper and rags were scattered on the floor and the shaking Jew got in the bag. The policeman came in and said, "Where did that man go?" "My friend, I am the only man here," said the merchant. "What's in that bag?" "Chinaware; please don't touch it," the crafty man replied. The policeman went up and struck the bag with his club and exclaimed, "Come off, that's not chinaware. Chinaware goes tinkle, tinkle, when you hit it." He struck the bag another blow and a muffled sound came out, "Tinkle, tinkle." The policeman then went out satisfied.



DRAMATIC

A LARGE and appreciative audience witnessed the production of "Ten Minutes in a Bar-room" by the Frozen Dog Amateur Dramatic Club at the Opera House last night. We must say that for a dramatic performance it was far superior to any professional show we've ever witnessed.

A little genuine excitement stimulated the interest. It happened thus: When the Rev. Whitechoker, who engineered the play for its good moral effect, first broached the scheme, he could find no one to assist him. However, as soon as he intimated that real "snakebite" would be used in





the bar-room scene, he was overwhelmed with volunteers.

Last night Grizzly Pete, who took the part of the tempted hero, sneaked up to the bar, to the accompaniment of snake music, and poured out six fingerfuls — of cold tea.

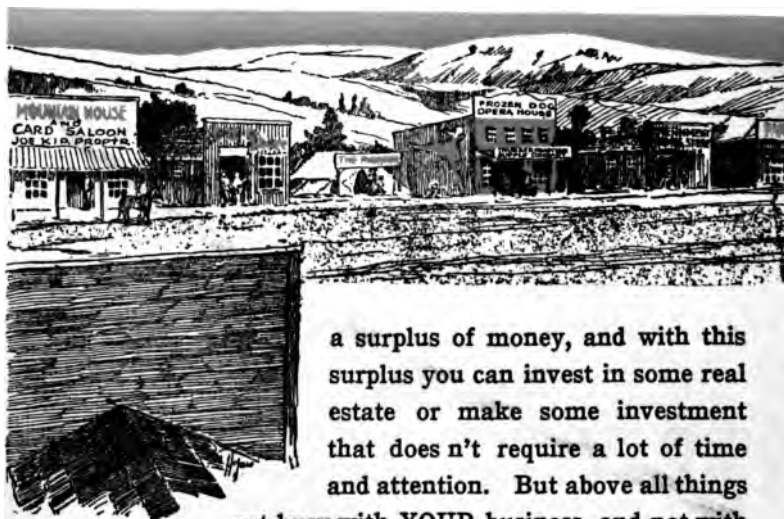
He failed to realize his awful mistake until he had swallowed the drink, and, overcome by disappointment, he fired his shooter at the Rev. Whitechoker, who played the villainous bar-tender. Fortunately, the gun was loaded with blanks to be used in the fourth act, and the audience, seeing only the triumph of right over wrong, applauded this realistic bit of acting to the echo.

The club intends to present "Sappho" shortly, with Miss Gray Swan, the belle of Frozen Dog, in the title rôle. The Rev. Whitechoker censures this arrangement, but intends to witness the performance in order to speak with authority against it.



GET BUSY WITH YOUR BUSINESS

ACCENT on the second and fourth words in the above heading. Repeat the injunction frequently, and the clouds of adversity will roll away and disappear, while the sunshine of prosperity bursts through and the world grows brighter. The trouble is, young man, you are inclined to believe that you would make a greater success in some other business than in your own, and you are also inclined to have some little side issue, as you call it, or outside investments, and you devote a lot of your time to those things, and your business in the meantime suffers. If your business is worth having your name connected with it, or is worth your devoting the major portion of your time to it, then it is worth your most careful consideration. Cut off the outside things, get busy with your business, and with the profits resultant from such action you will have



a surplus of money, and with this surplus you can invest in some real estate or make some investment that does n't require a lot of time and attention. But above all things get busy with **YOUR** business, and not with the other fellow's business.



Beware of the man who never makes a mistake, and jot it down in your memo-book that the man who does n't make mistakes thereby confesses that he is a stoten bottle, which, being interpreted, means a thing that does n't move.



A woman is always too grateful for a ten-cent present to make it sound natural.



TO MY VALENTINE

I SHALL not boast my love to thee,
Nor tell thee pretty things
That come from books
Which others wrote.

Words are of man, Love is of God;
Love speaks alone through hearts.
Hearts know not words,
They do but feel.

And could the feeling in my heart
Be seen and known to thee,
In ecstasy
I'd cry for joy.

For then thou 'dst know what words can't tell:
How deep, how high, how wide,

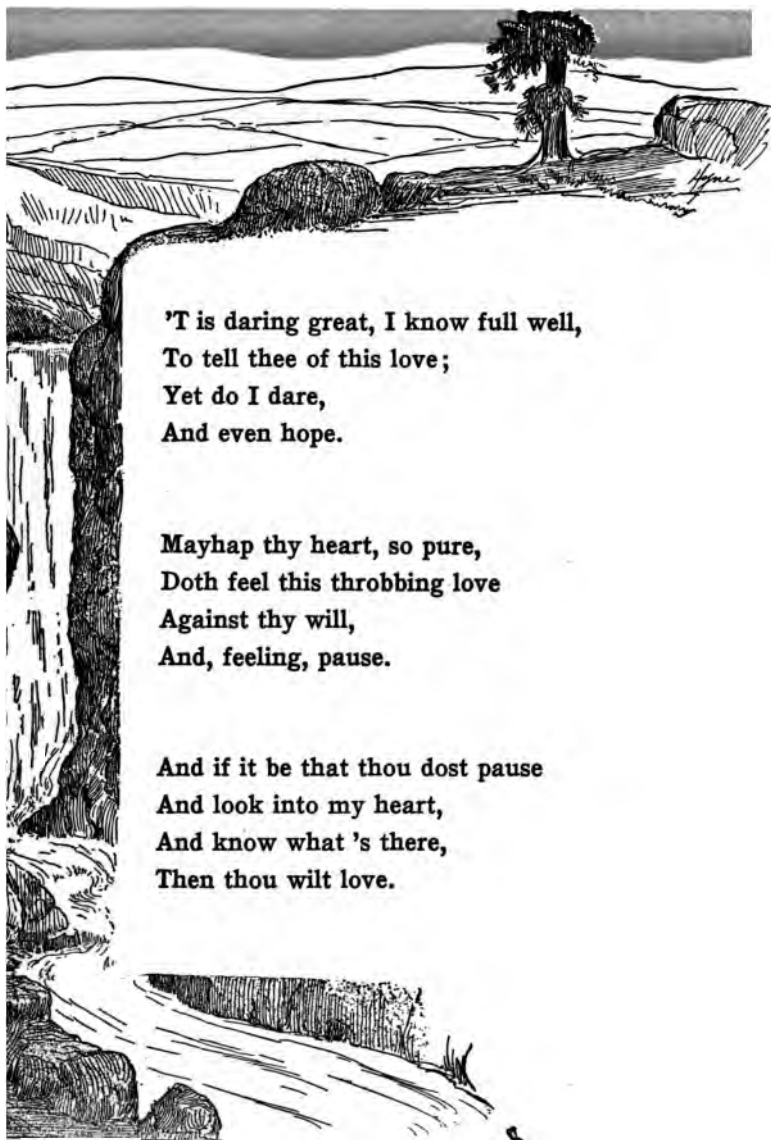


How sweet, how pure,
How great my love.

Thou art the light by which I see
My great unworthiness
To think of thee,
And hope for love.

Yet do I know this love of mine
Was given me by Him
Who knoweth best,
And doeth all things well.

And this is true : there is no law
That can prevent my love,
Tho' thou object
And try to crush.



'T is daring great, I know full well,
To tell thee of this love;
Yet do I dare,
And even hope.

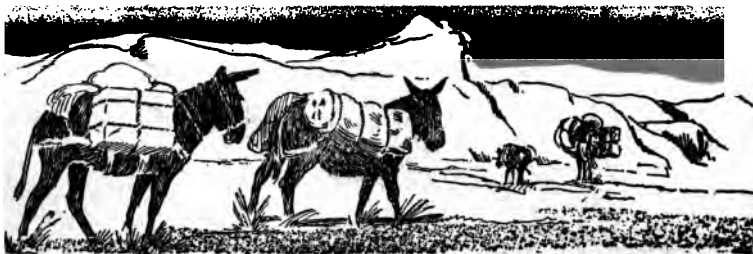
Mayhap thy heart, so pure,
Doth feel this throbbing love
Against thy will,
And, feeling, pause.

And if it be that thou dost pause
And look into my heart,
And know what 's there,
Then thou wilt love.



**This love of mine hath made me bold.
Can it be thou hast felt
And known my heart
In silent love?**

**So eager, I, to know my fate,
I ask thee fearlessly:
Lovest thou me
As I love thee?**



“HOWLING WOLF” NOTES

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

WE wish to announce that in going over our large list of subscribers we find some whose subscriptions expire during the summer. A bowie-knife and revolver printed on the upper right-hand corner of the first page of the paper denotes that the subscription expires with that number. Price, only \$2.00 per year. If you want to stand in, stand up and deliver the \$2.00 and be our friend.



The pie-faced slob who runs the “Elk City Gazette” accuses us of throwing the game to the Frozen Dog Giants last Saturday when we acted as umpire.

We want it distinctly understood that we shall visit the editor, and if he tells the story to our face



we will put a black-and-blue map on his mug. We paid our own expenses to go over to Elk City, being a genuine sport; and we recognized the fact that we were in the enemy's country and knew it required a test of nerve to make a decision in favor of our club. We gave both clubs a fair shake. And now that we are accused of being prejudiced in favor of our own nine, we ask the editor of the "Gazette" how he left Cheyenne County in 1894 between two days; and we also ask him to explain how he got the habit of dragging one of his feet after him as if he had a ball and chain fastened to it some time in his past life.



Mrs. Smith, the estimable wife of the gentleman who attends to the stables of Judge Schultz, did not receive yesterday, owing to the fact that she upset a hot stove-lid on her foot, while engaged in cooking



one of the biled dejeuners for which she is so celebrated. Judge informs us that she will be able to get around in a few days on one leg.



Col. Jones, who has solicited our vote in his race for Congress, called and dug ore six hours for us yesterday. To-morrow the candidate for sheriff has agreed to grub stumps for us.



A fellow wearing a derby hat spoke to us the other day as we were seated in front of "The Howling Wolf" reading "Sappho." He wanted to put in a fake ad. offering to teach the art of making artificial gold and silver. This bunco-steerer actually wanted us to trust him. He did n't have a cent. We refuse to run faker ads of skin games un-



less we get cash in advance. Therefore we bound and gagged him whilst we went through his grip and swiped the secret for our own use. We showed him our dexterity with a gun by shooting off the buttons of his vest, and told him we would shoot closer in if we met him the next day. In five minutes he was headed east toward Elk City.



OBITUARY

Bowie Bob had the misfortune to call Half-Hung Simon a liar in the hoi polloi yesterday. Funeral Sunday.



We would not accept a bribe, and yet we are free to say we cannot support candidates without some sort of remuneration, as we have a large family to support, and space is worth money. But please don't offer us anything to our face. If you feel



grateful for our assistance, just contrive to lose ten or twenty dollars in our office, where we can stumble over it accidentally, and thank heaven for it in the silence of our sanctum. By this means we can overcome our scruples and keep our conscience pure as maple syrup.



As editor of "The Howling Wolf" and mayor of Frozen Dog we have been almost driven to distraction by the medical fads of the day:

We have boiled the hydrant water;
We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbe
Thro' the finest weave of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device,
And now the doctors tell us that
We 've got to boil the ice!



THE PINK SUNBONNET

LAST Thursday afternoon, as we passed the Idaho Dry Goods Emporium, we saw five children, each with a pink sunbonnet. They were sitting in a brand-new Mitchell wagon. As we approached them the five long-barrelled sunbonnets were aimed at us, and they turned on their pivots and kept bead on us until we stepped into Joe Kip's. Then the five swung back and lined up on Webb Grubb as he passed down Mountain Avenue. I watched them quite a while as they switched from one object to another.

Pretty soon Mamma Pink Sunbonnet came out and gave each little Pink Sunbonnet a square ginger-snap with frosting on it—real, sure-enough store cookies.

I watched those five little Pink Sunbonnets and the five little weasel-eyed faces under them. They were drinking in everything, like a coyote at a cool



spring. Time was too precious to waste in talking. These five were gathering and storing things in their minds that would furnish subjects to talk over for months to come.

Mamma Sunbonnet was buying the next year's supply for the five little Pink Sunbonnets. To-day was an event in the life of this Pink Sunbonnet family. To-morrow the Sunbonnets will be back in their home in the Bitter Root Mountains. There they will grow up, and some day they will separate and each one will start a home and wait for the little pink, starched sunbonnets to come.



THE EDITOR'S VISION

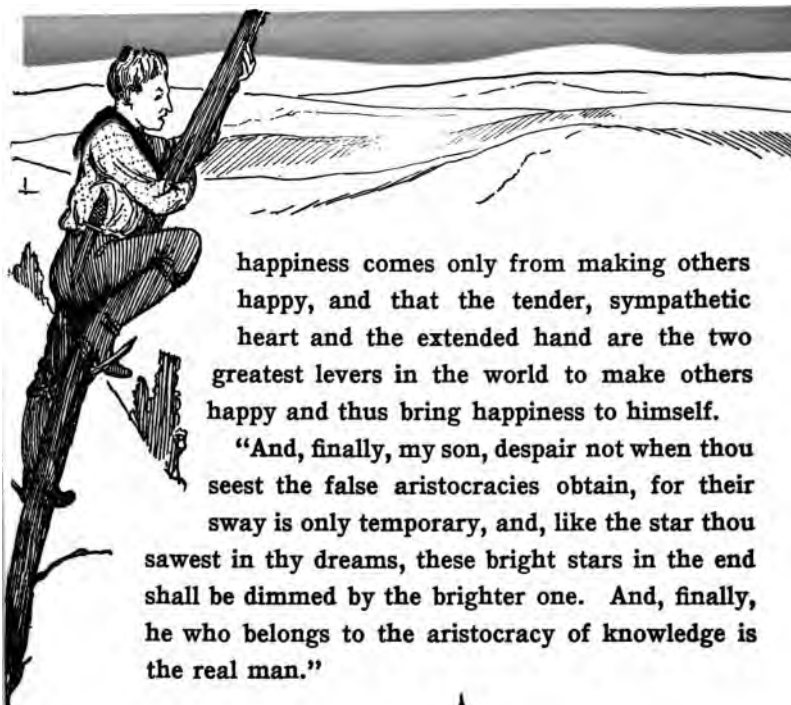
ONCE in a while the editor of "The Howling Wolf" has a vision. This one came to him the other night:

I fell me asleep, and in my dreams I saw three bright stars; two of them were so dazzling that they almost hid the other star, and as I gazed the dimmest star gathered brightness, and even as it grew brighter the first two stars became dimmer and dimmer, and finally the star that was dim shone so brightly that it completely hid the other stars; and as I pondered over these strange circumstances a spirit appeared to me and said, "Verily, the three stars which thou beheld are the three stars of aristocracy. The star that first was dim represented the aristocracy of intellect; the other two stars represent the aristocracy of money and the aristocracy of family. And, verily, the aristocracy of brains is the aristocracy founded by the Almighty, while the aristocracies of birth and boodle are sham counterfeits gotten up by man.



“The aristocracy of knowledge differs from the other two as the sun differs from the Jack-o’-lantern, and as the music of the soul differs from the bray of the burro, and even as a woman’s first love differs from the stolen affections hashed up by the fourth husband. My son, be ye not fooled, therefore, when thou beholdest the aristocracies of birth and boodle.

“The measure of a man is his brain, and he who hath the aristocracy of thought, reason, and knowledge hath that which no man can buy, and he hath a heritage that endureth no matter what his circumstances may be. He hath the satisfaction which gives him happiness, and his only sorrow is to see men flock to the false aristocracies of family and of mammon. And mark ye well, my son, that the greatest thing in the world, the most priceless treasure, the most sought-for object, is happiness. And it is the philosopher who has knowledge that finds the true way to get happiness and learns the secret that happiness cannot come from the aristocracy of family or the aristocracy of lucre. He learns that



happiness comes only from making others happy, and that the tender, sympathetic heart and the extended hand are the two greatest levers in the world to make others happy and thus bring happiness to himself.

"And, finally, my son, despair not when thou seest the false aristocracies obtain, for their sway is only temporary, and, like the star thou sawest in thy dreams, these bright stars in the end shall be dimmed by the brighter one. And, finally, he who belongs to the aristocracy of knowledge is the real man."



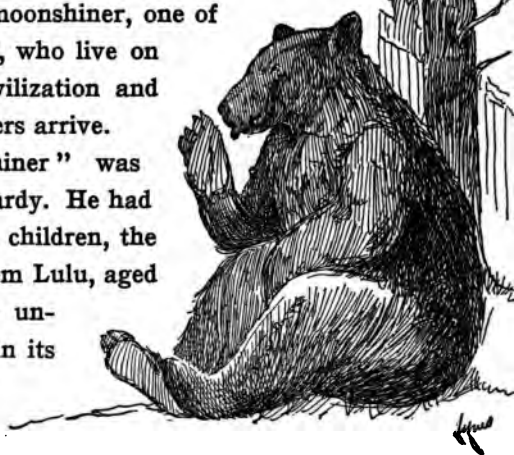
The minister who uses four-syllable words in his prayers and gives vent to bursts of oratory and euphonious expressions may rest assured that his prayer does n't ascend as high as that of the man who talks simply and earnestly. It is the simple, plain, honest Anglo-Saxon that goes the farthest, lasts the longest, and makes the best impression.

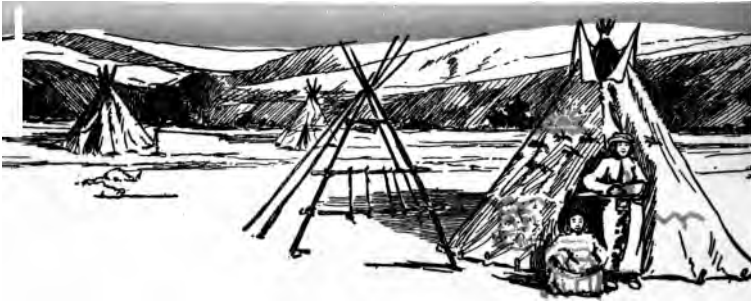


A COWBOY'S SONG

THERE are songs and folk-stories galore in the cowboy world. These little fragments are sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous, but oftener they reek with reckless abandon. Grizzly Pete and myself came across a little cabin in the woods back of Bear Paw Mountain. It was the home of a moonshiner, one of the pioneer kind, who live on the fringe of civilization and move when settlers arrive.

This old "shiner" was known as Bill Hardy. He had a wife and seven children, the latter ranging from Lulu, aged 14, to the little unnamed yearling in its mother's arms.



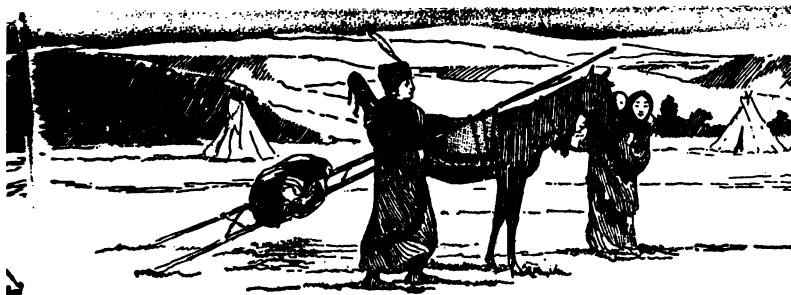


The youngsters were shy as antelopes. They hid behind their mother's apron — that is, the little Hardy's did. The older ones were under the bed, behind the cupboard, or behind anything that would shelter them. The black, beady eyes peeped out for all the world like ferrets. Grizzly had a package of sweet chocolate, and he broke it up and passed it. The youngsters just grabbed in silence and said nothing.

Along about sundown, when we were ready to start for Frozen Dog, I said, "Mammy, I'll give you two bits if you'll have the children sing."

Mammy dragged out five of the older youngsters, and lining up against the wall they threw back their heads and opened their mouths for all the world like a nest of young robins when mother robin feeds them.

In a shrill nasal croon or drawl they sang the following, as nearly as I can remember the words and air; for 't is a dozen years since I heard it:



THE LONE PRAIRIE

pppp
Tenderly.

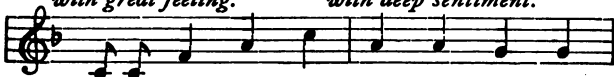
mezzo
tremolo.



1. Oh bu - ry me out on the lone prai - ree,
2. So they buried Bill out on the lone prai - ree,

fortissimo.
with great feeling.

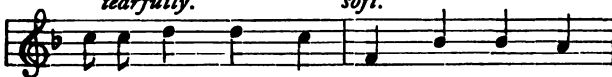
forte piano
with deep sentiment.



Where the wild coy - ote will howl o'er me;
Where the coyote howls and the wind blows free;

tearfully.

soft.



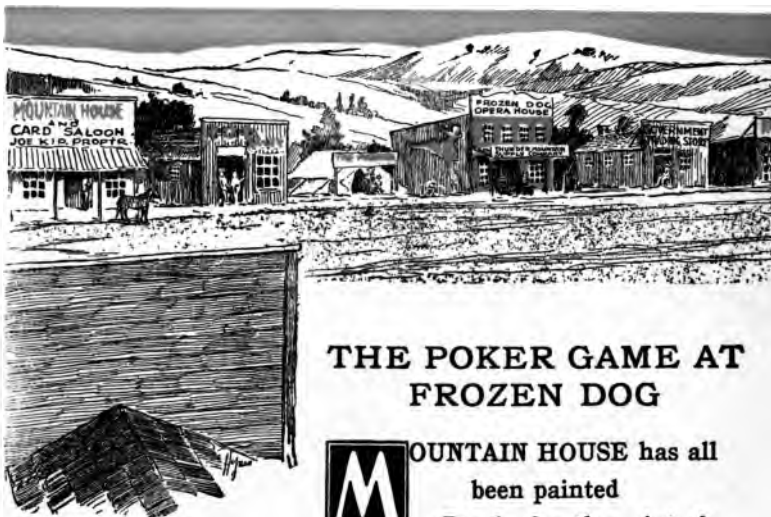
Let my grave be dug just six by three
In a nar - row grave just six by three

cres.

very tenderly.



And bur - y me out on the lone prai - ree
They bur - ied Bill out on the lone prai - ree.



THE POKER GAME AT FROZEN DOG



MOUNTAIN HOUSE has all
been painted
Ready for the winter's
trade.

Some of us as are acquainted
Rounded up last night an' played.

Eight of us aroun' the table
Callin' for the game to start,
Each one thinkin' he is able
For to teach the poker art.

When we all was set an' ready,
Peg he won out on the deal.
To his right set Cayuse Reddy,
Bustin' fer a chance to spiel.



Joe was next, then Grizzly Pete,
An' old Judge Schultz, an' old Webb Grubb,
An' next to him an extra seat,
Set for a drummer from the Hub.

An' last came me, as big as life.
Had to lie to get to play;
"Important business," I told my wife—
The same old gag worked every day.

I cut the cards an' Peg dealt round,
Two call five an' ceiling limit.
Pictures full meant roodles round;
Straights, of course, were strictly in it.

We played an' smoked an' played an' drank,
Feelin' fine an' no one hurt,
Till old Webb Grubb, that measly crank,
Said, "We 'll play jacks a little spurt."



"Cards! How many?" sings the dealer.

Reddy says, "Please help this pair."

"One," says Joe Kip, as a feeler,

Gently stretchin' in his chair.

An' Grizzly he draws only one.

Old Webb he snarls, "Guess I 'll play these."

Judge Schultz pinched out an' says, "I 'm done."

Drummer whispers, "Jest one, please."

An' I jest said, "I 'll speculate

A-drawin' five to make a book."

Peg he says, "I calculate

That I 'll stay in an' take a look."

We had our cards, 't was time to play,

But each one scared to make a bluff,

An' waitin' for the next to say,

"I pass out; guess I 've had enough."

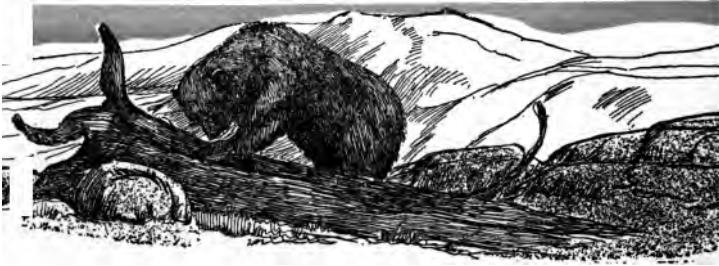


“Reckon my hand is worth five plunks,”
Spoke Reddy first, quite quiet-like.
“Well, I will make yer hunt yer bunks,”
An’ Joe gave it another hike.

Grizzly says, “You ’ve got me guessin’;
I ’m the one to boost that pot.
What I hold I ain’t confessin’,
But I ’m goin’ to make yer trot.”

Old Webb he had made his bluff,
An’ so, of course, he had to stay,
An’ had to ante all his stuff,
Jest to keep up with the play.

The Judge had dropped out, so the drummer
Raised the bet without a blink.
That jack-pot was now a hummer,
An’ I ’lowed I ’d take a drink.



Peg eyed the pot an' then his hand.

“Too steep for me,” was all he said.

“You fellers play to beat the band;

I 'm goin' to quit an' hunt my bed.”

Then Reddy says, “You bet I stay;

I hate a quitter in a fight.

I mean to stick to this here play,

No matter if it takes all night.”

Joe coughed a bit; his chips was gone.

“Bet my old hat, my boots, an' gun.

Are any more a-comin' on?

I know I got yer on the run.”

But Pete stayed in, an' at this point

No one knowed jest what to do.

Webb said the game was out of joint.

“It ain't good poker, I tell you.”



The drummer dropped, an' so did I.

Peg said, "Guess I 'll throw up my hand."

Then Reddy looked into Joe's eye :

"Ain't no chance fer me to land."

"Divide the pot," says Joe to Pete.

"Show your hand," says Pete to Joe,

"Fer I 'm dead sure I got yer beat,

An' yer cards you 'll have to show."

"Jacks up," says Joe, "is all I got."

"The same thing here," says Grizzly Pete.

"Eights down," says Joe. "I win the pot;

Don't you think I 've got yer beat?"

Joe grinned an' said, "An' on the side

I 've got an ace; how 's that for high?"

"An ace here, too, so let 's divide;

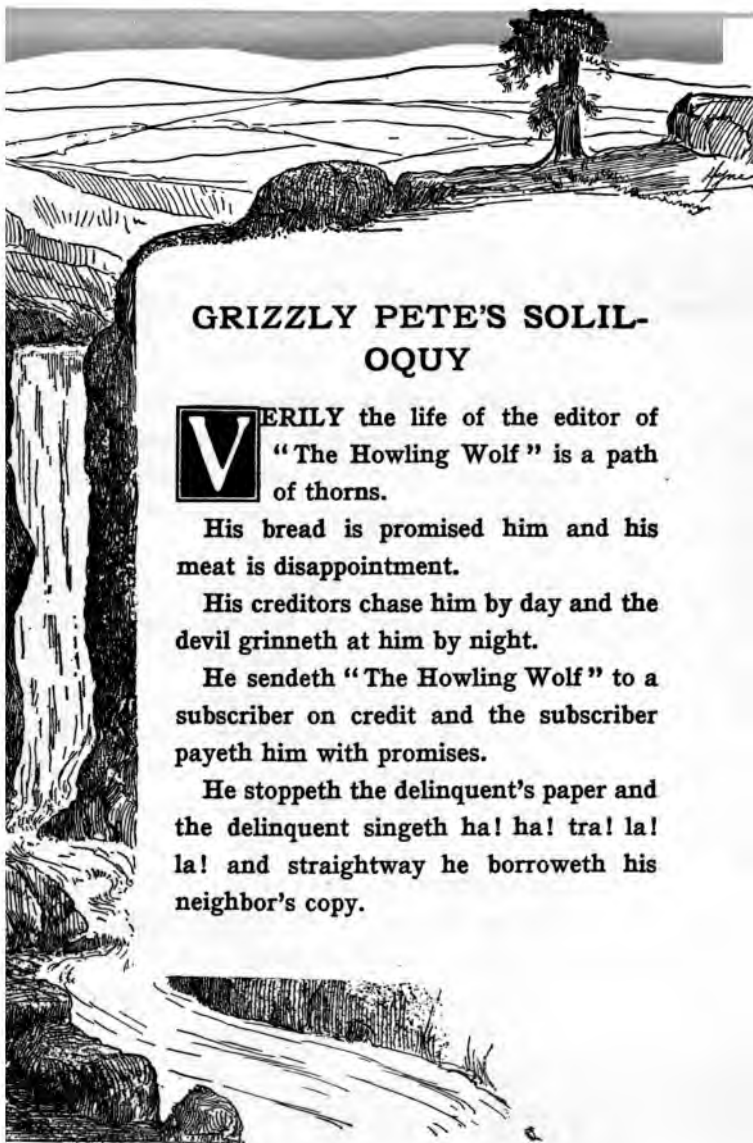
I 'm mighty glad, Joe, it 's a tie."



**"Hold on yer hosses," cried Webb Grubb;
"Here 's an eight I 'm holdin' back,
An' that fifth eight jest makes a rub;
What I wants is my money back."**

**It took the bunch till early morn
Workin' hard to get things straight.
Pete now looks at Webb with scorn,
An' all about that extra eight!**

**The moral 's plain, as you can see:
Jacks an' eights — a dead man's hand —
An' holdin' it, we should agree,
Kills the player's chance to land.**



GRIZZLY PETE'S SOLILOQUY

VERILY the life of the editor of "The Howling Wolf" is a path of thorns.

His bread is promised him and his meat is disappointment.

His creditors chase him by day and the devil grineth at him by night.

He sendeth "The Howling Wolf" to a subscriber on credit and the subscriber payeth him with promises.

He stoppeth the delinquent's paper and the delinquent singeth ha! ha! tra! la! la! and straightway he borroweth his neighbor's copy.



One subscriber payeth in wood and behold it is rotten and soggy and verily it is short in measure.

He sets up the township politician and elects him, and then the politician knoweth not and wots not of him.

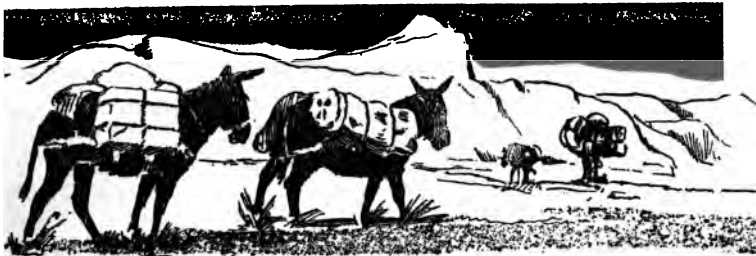
He puffeth up the church fair gratis, and when he goeth thither he payeth two bits per plate and receiveth two oysters.

He is a man without honor in his own country.

Two people marry and he giveth them a great puff and telleth his readers they are popular society folks, and they go to housekeeping and they take not "The Howling Wolf."

But ever and anon some one calleth him a liar, and he hath the fun of shooting the liar, so that from his sorrow there are high spots of joy.

He hath much woe, but verily he getteth a pass to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it cometh to town.



He ploddeth along and endureth, ever hoping that some day his reward will come. Just how, he knoweth not, but hath he not the glory and enviable position of a molder of public opinion?



In every fight the chances are for the stronger one winning out; the odds are never so great, however, but that there is a chance for the weaker to win; in other words, both sides have a show. There is a fight, however, which one side can never win, and that is the fight against nature. No matter how nature is attacked, nature never has and never will be defeated in the fight, and those who do not appreciate the value of health, but are constantly warring against nature, should see the futility of their fight and get into the band-wagon of health and happiness.



THE MONEY QUESTION

STRANGERS in Frozen Dog usually get mixed on the local money question, and we deem it our duty to make things clear. Gold, silver, and paper money are practically unknown here. The poker-chips issued by the Mountain House and Card Saloon are legal tender in this community, and U. S. money can be exchanged for chips at any store.

A blue chip is equal to \$1.00; a red chip is equal to 25 cents; a white chip is equal to 5 cents.

The genuine chips have a gun and bowie-knife on one side and Grizzly Pete's portrait on the other side. Strangers wishing to leave town can get U. S. money for chips at 10 per cent discount, by applying to Grizzly Pete, proprietor of the Mountain House and Card Saloon. A dangerous gang of counterfeiters made some bogus chips and passed about \$2.00 worth before the Vigilance Committee hung up the



offenders, and Grizzly Pete in his magnanimous way cashed in the bogus chips for red liquor and burned the spurious chips. Thus no one suffered any loss.



We hear a good deal about the polish of the society man. By the time a man gets to be prominent in society, or a leader in the cotillon, he has turned to stone and is impervious to all fine sentiment. He has learned to say that which he does n't mean, and he has learned to make others believe he is interested in them. He has learned at all times to conceal his real emotions. He has turned to stone, and stone polishes better than soft substances. The man of soul, heart, and brains is built of tender fibre, and you can't get a high polish on such material. Young man, let your object be to know your neighbors, to have a lot of friends, and not to have a lot of society acquaintances.



ACRES OF WISDOM: BY A WISEACRE

NO man can do his best or even his average work in the midst of worry, nagging, or frequent interruption.

In business there are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions, and employers should not worry or nag the employees. If an employee is good enough to keep, respect him and treat him well; if he is incompetent, fire him.

We know an employer who has been in business six years, in which time he has never spoken a cross word to any employee. He has never made a rule; he has never docked an employee for absence in case of illness. His employees get down early in the morning, and every one is loyal to him. A position in his establishment is an honor, and an employee never leaves unless they marry or leave the town. He has never had a request for a raise in



salary, for he has a regular system of starting a new employee at the bottom and increasing him gradually.



There is no better mark of sterling character than the moral independence that foregoes a popular pleasure for duty's sake, — that refuses to “go with the crowd,” — and such a character will eventually cause the crowd to come his way.



Don't bother about the things you can't possibly avert. We talk about congestion and overproduction and all that sort of thing. We have a billion people in the world, and they could all live in Texas and the land there could take care of all of them, if properly managed. The ability to invent, to economize, and to take care of great things has increased ten times as fast as our population. Don't grow de-



spondent because you can't make things and conditions suit you, but spend time trying to make your life and your pleasures fit existing conditions, and hold yourself in readiness to change as conditions change. On the whole, times and people and everything are getting better as the world rolls merrily along. Life is a comedy, not a tragedy. Sing instead of lament.



All good work begins with contentment. The heart must sing while the hand toils, if good work is to be achieved.



A double craving is in every human heart, for solitude and companionship. There are times when we long to be alone, and there are times when we long for the touch of a human hand, the glance of a human eye, or a smile from human lips. Food and



drink lose half their flavor when taken in solitude, but the mental pleasures are far greater when one is alone, though we should not carry companionship or solitude to the extreme. We should observe that great rule—temperance.



In China a physician gets so much a week when the patient is well; while the patient is ill the doctor loses. In this country the longer one is sick the more the doctor gets.



A point for the employee. Do not look for success until you can command the respect of your employer, your associates, and your customer. And always remember an employer knows the worth of every person working for him. You may think he is



not alive to your value, but he is. Changes and advances come like lightning when and where least expected.



When writing or speaking use plain, pointed words, and above all, steer away from words of double or doubtful meaning.



The wise man is like a willow tree and the foolish man is like the hardwood tree. The willow bends and gives to the storm, and comes up again smiling. The hardwood tree defies the storm and it refuses to give or bend, and it is blown down. It's hard to suffer wrongs quietly. Our rebellious spirit arises at real wrongs, and fancied wrongs, but we should learn to suffer injustices once in awhile, for we shall



be the stronger in our position afterward. The greater a man is the less he is disturbed by what others do or say against him unjustly. Mean natures are always at unrest. Great natures bend and give and suffer injustice quietly. Be right, do right, and all will be right, no matter how hard it may seem when you are abused and humiliated.



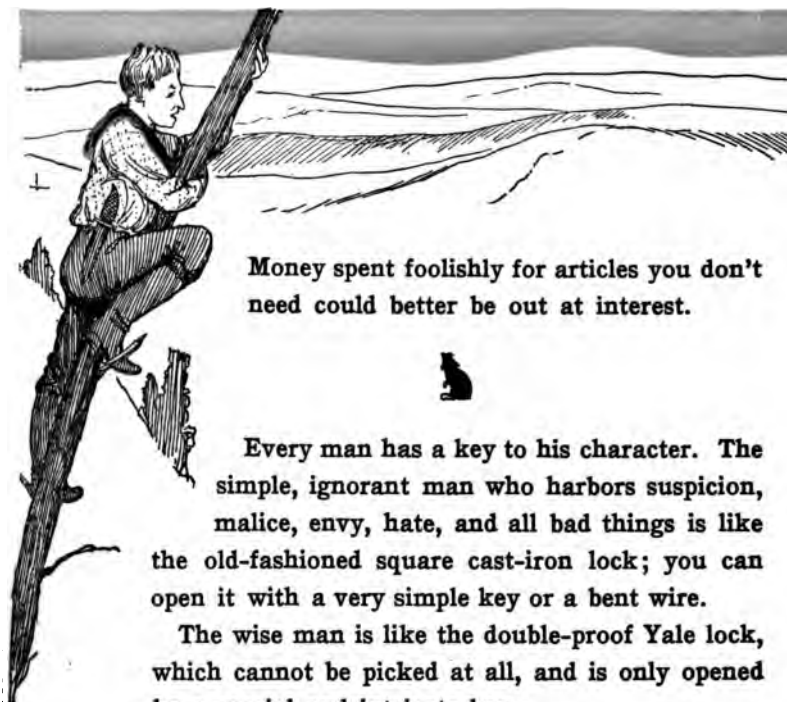
Men like to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.



Beware of "snaps." Experience frequently proves a "snap" is really a "trap."



Don't buy useless things, unless you are willing to pay interest upon interest as long as you live.



Money spent foolishly for articles you don't need could better be out at interest.



Every man has a key to his character. The simple, ignorant man who harbors suspicion, malice, envy, hate, and all bad things is like the old-fashioned square cast-iron lock; you can open it with a very simple key or a bent wire.

The wise man is like the double-proof Yale lock, which cannot be picked at all, and is only opened by a special and intricate key.

The lock of the foolish and ignorant man is in his stomach, while the lock of the wise man is in his head, and the key thereto is thought.



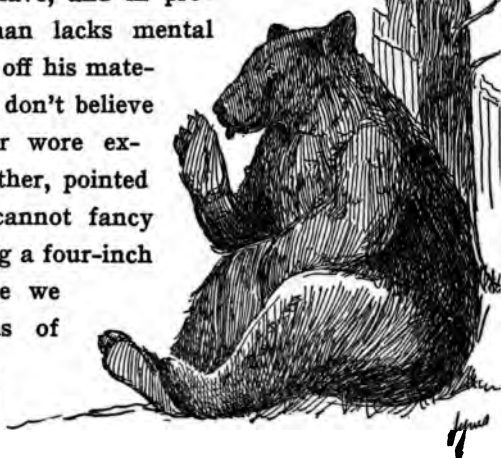
You can make from two to five per cent a month by discounting bills, and borrow money at one-half



per cent a month to do it with, if your credit is good. The more you discount the better your reputation at the bank will be.



The more wealth you have within you the less you will show it off outside. You pay for everything you have, and in proportion as a man lacks mental wealth he shows off his material wealth. We don't believe Shakespeare ever wore extreme patent leather, pointed shoes, and we cannot fancy Bismarck wearing a four-inch collar; nor have we any photographs of Gladstone wearing an overcoat





padding to Herculean proportions in the shoulders and the seams cut to extreme narrowness in the waist; and no one ever heard who Lincoln's tailor was. These men had great riches within them. History does n't record anything expressed by Beau Brummel worth remembering, and E. Berry Wall was never general manager of a big institution requiring brains. Whenever you see the dandy, the walking tailor's model, spend your time looking at the clothes and not at the man.



The best way to show that you pity a man is to pick him up.



In bread-and-butter land we find more smiles and less heartaches for sympathy than we do in the land



of angel-cake and gingerbread. Verily, we pay for what we have.



If your work worries you it is evidence your position is a little larger than you are. Therefore, strive to grow until you fit your place.



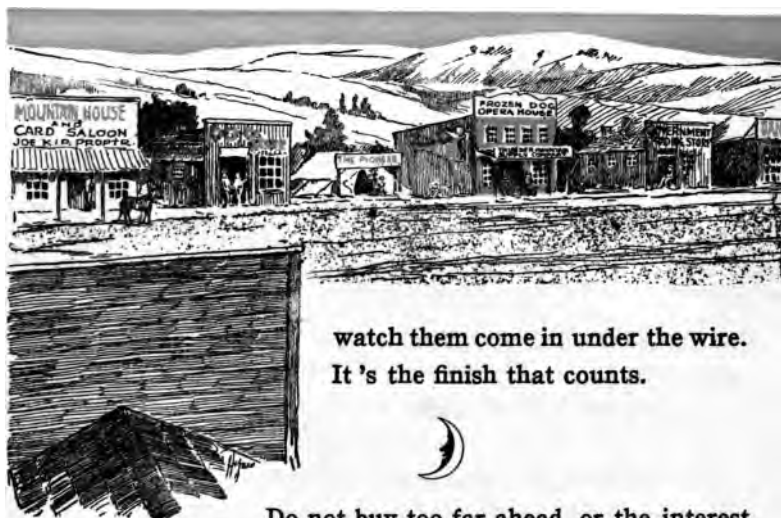
You can neither make a good knife out of bad steel nor a good business out of bad schemes.



It's well to remember, in judging a friend, that a single act is not the true basis for sizing him up.



Lots of fellows make a great fuss in the race of business, but I sit at the end of the course and



watch them come in under the wire.
It's the finish that counts.



Do not buy too far ahead, or the interest
on your investment will eat the cut in price you
made by buying in large quantities.



The man with little money is frequently more
generous than the man of wealth, because he does
not wish others to think he has but little.



Prompt collections make friends and money for
the collector. When a man gets too far behind he
usually trades elsewhere.



CHINOOK MARY'S B'AR

MARY had a little b'ar;
Its fur was black as night;
And everywhere that Mary went
He kept her right in sight.

He followed her to school one day,
Which was agin the rule,
An' kase the teacher raised a roar
He et the blained old fool.

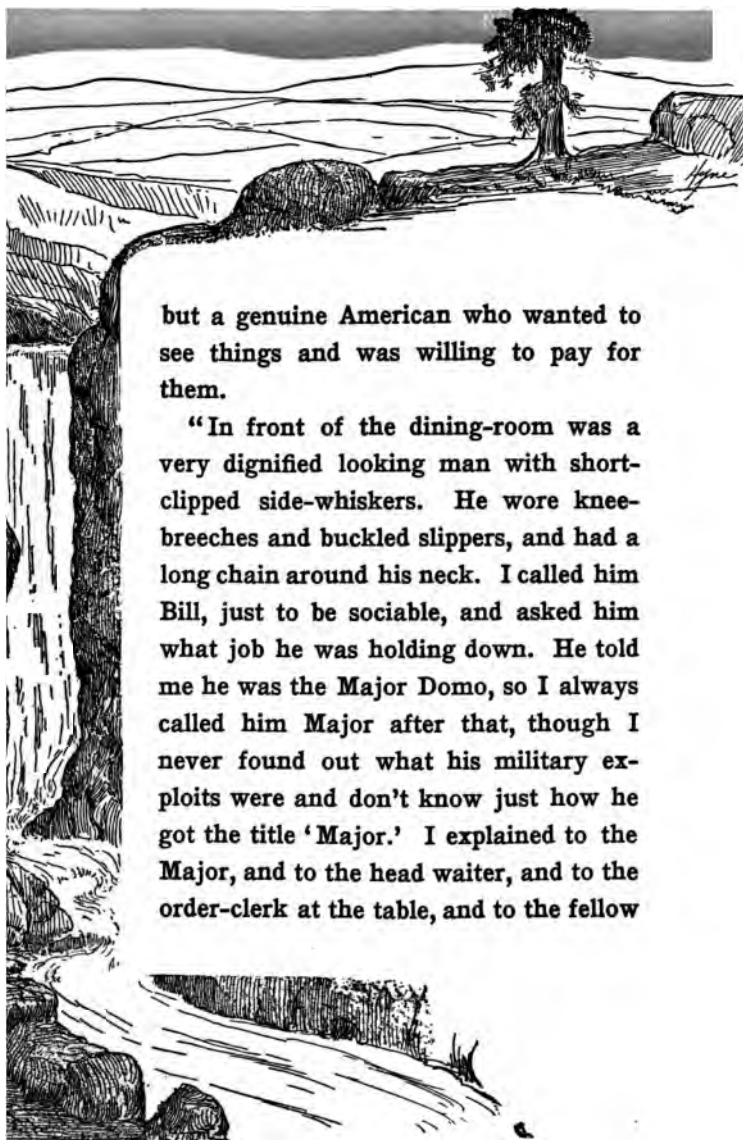
"What makes the b'ar love teacher so?"
The happy school-kids cride.
A voice within the b'ar returned,
"You 'll have to ask inside."



GRIZZLY PETE SURPRISES A DUCHESS

OUR friends will remember that Grizzly Pete of Frozen Dog made a rich strike in the hills and took a trip abroad. A few of the boys gathered at his home the other evening to have a little game and to celebrate his birthday, and we got him in a reminiscent mood and he told us his experience in London, at the Hotel Cecil. We give it as nearly as we can in his own words:

“I arrived at the Hotel Cecil and asked for a good room with bath. I was referred to several clerks, and finally, after filling out a symptom blank, I was shown to a room on the second floor, overlooking the Thames River. I had all the hall-boys and porters and chamber-maids fussing over me. I wanted them to know that I was not a stingy Englishman,



but a genuine American who wanted to see things and was willing to pay for them.

“In front of the dining-room was a very dignified looking man with short-clipped side-whiskers. He wore knee-breeches and buckled slippers, and had a long chain around his neck. I called him Bill, just to be sociable, and asked him what job he was holding down. He told me he was the Major Domo, so I always called him Major after that, though I never found out what his military exploits were and don't know just how he got the title 'Major.' I explained to the Major, and to the head waiter, and to the order-clerk at the table, and to the fellow



that brought the grub, and to the fellow that took it back, and to the fellow that presented the bill, and to the fellow that bowed to me as I went out, and to the fellow that brought the water, that if there was anything special doing, to keep me posted. As I walked out of the dining-room, after tipping thirteen different persons, I asked the Major what time breakfast would be ready. He said, 'From nine until one,' and he graciously informed me that the Duchess of Canterbury or somewhere else was going to breakfast at eleven o'clock. I told the Major I would be there at eleven, and to give me a table as near Her Royal Duchess as he could; so I rigged up and looked as slick as a weasel. Sure enough, he gave me a table next to Her Royalty. I tried to appear a gentleman to the manner born and cultivated a blasé effect. I tried to carry the air of a tired, bored man of the world who had seen a few things. The gentleman that took my order said, 'I have something very nice, very special.' I asked him what it



was. He replied that he would rather surprise me by bringing on the dish without telling me what it was.

“The regular breakfast is five shillings, which is the same as ten bits in the United States money, or five blue chips in the Mountain House and Card Saloon. Well, about the middle of breakfast two waiters came in with a big silver plate effect with a lot of foxes and hounds and hunters on the top of the cover. The head grub clerk lifted off the top, and there was a big bunch of roses and heather and green things. I called the waiter and said, ‘Ludwig, what in Sam Hill is this?’ He told me that if I would push my hand through the garnishing I would find them in the nest at the bottom. I parted the foliage and saw a lot of green eggs with spots on them. The eggs were about the size of quail’s eggs. I inquired what these were, and the grub hustler said, ‘Those are plover’s eggs, a very great delicacy.’ He said they were cold and hard boiled, and that you ate them as



you would chicken eggs. Her Royal Duchess Highness rubber-necked. She saw that I was a true sport to order such a dish. I commenced at those plover's eggs, cracked them on the edge of the plate, took out the contents, dipped them in salt, and walloped them down just like peanuts.

"Next to the Duchess was a bald-headed geazer who was a lord or something. He had set in the game of rubbering, too. I reckon I ate those plover's eggs at the rate of about two a minute, as fast as I could shuck them and put them in my food-receiver. His Royal Baldness whispered to his waiter and they both looked over my way, so I saw I was making a hit with that royal bunch.

"There were twenty-four of those eggs in the nest, and I licked them all up in about ten or twelve minutes. They are as easy to eat and shuck as peanuts, so I did n't see anything very special about it until I got the bill for forty-one shillings. Forty-one shillings means \$10.25, and it cost me six bits for tips



along the line, making the total cost of the breakfast \$11.00. It seems that the plover's eggs were eighteen pence each; that means 36 cents, United States money, and I could see then why His Royal Baldness and Her Royal Duchess rubbered at me as I was licking up the plover's eggs at 36 cents a throw at the rate of one or two a minute. I afterwards learned that if a man ate three of them he was considered an all 'round sport. The Englishman takes about fifteen minutes to eat one of them. He takes the shell off very carefully. He bites off little pieces of the plover's eggs and rolls a little ball under his tongue. He rolls his eyes around the ceiling and stretches his face in a grin to make believe that he is enjoying the quintessence of epicurean satisfaction.

"Frozen Dog certainly set the pace in eating twenty-four plover's eggs at 36 cents a throw, and if ever you go to the Hotel Cecil, just tell the old Major at the door that you are a friend of Grizzly Pete of Frozen Dog, Idaho, and he will tell you about the plover's eggs."



Leavin' Home

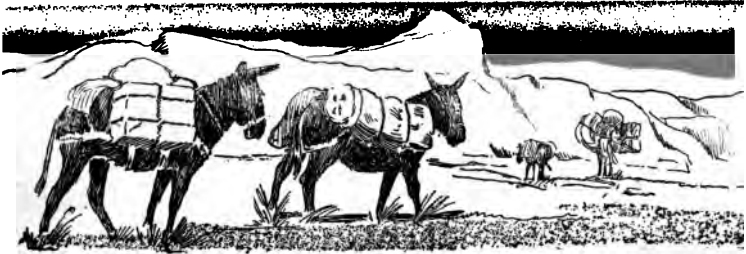


'M a-risin', Mr. Chairmân,
to make you understand
This farewell demonstra-
tion jest takes away my
sand;

My stuff is packed to leave you, all
ready fer to go.

My heart is jest a-thumpin' fer sorrow, don't you
know.

Been livin' here amongst you fer more than thirty
year,



Minin' gold, an' fishin' trout, an'
huntin' bear an' deer.

Our sunshine is the brightest, our
hearts are all in tune,

An' life 's as sweet in winter-time
the same as 't is in June.



When thinkin' 'bout this partin' it gives
me lots of pain;

My eyes fill up with water like rivers
swelled with rain.

My laugh an' smile ain't honest; my
jokes are feeble, too;

My heart is sad an' heavy, no matter what I do.

This afternoon my old pard Joe was all broke up, I
know;

He said it was the weather that had affect' him so.

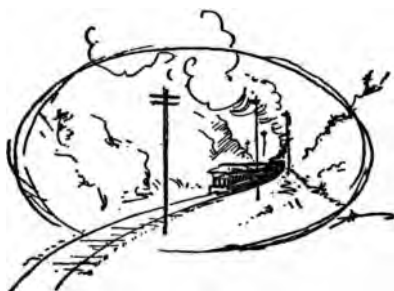


My throat seemed jest like bust-
in', my eyes felt mighty queer;
Looked jest like it was rainin' 'bout
twenty mile from here.

I can't express jest how I feel your little acts of
love

An' little deeds of kindness as I'm about to move
From Frozen Dog, an' Mountain House, an' dear
old partner Joe,

Ain't got no way of sayin' good-by to Idaho.





FROZEN DOG HAPPENINGS

WHILE rubbering among the tall trees for gubernatorial timber, don't fail to see that staunch old oak, Gen. George H. Roberts. He visited Frozen Dog recently, and his silver tongue spieled off words that made us woozy. The high lights are upon him. He climbs higher and higher in the public eye every minute. He is strong as a grizzly and gentle as a sage hen. His jaw is steel braced and his heart is a double-opposed, high-pressure engine that squirts crimson blood through his anatomy. His heart is ever ready to leap to make amends for a wrong done, and equally quick to forgive a repentant enemy. General and myself rode up Pennsylvania Avenue together at the inauguration, and I was proud to be the comrade of that distinguished grizzled veteran, the hero of many a fight.



White table-cloths have appeared in Frozen Dog. The Dillon girls, who spent the winter in Boise, in-



troduced the custom in our midst. The ladies' sewing-circle of the church have made it a rule that Frozen Doggers must ante up a white chip for every grease-spot on the table-cloths. These chips are deposited in Joe Kip's bank, as a fund for a church. The fund is now 257 chips, and the scheme has only been in operation a week.



The following letter was received by the editor of "The Howling Wolf":

"Dear Grizzly Pete:—

I understand from some of the boys that the new sheriff is fixin' to levy on me, and me down with rheumatism and can't hold a six gun, much less strike the sheriff's trail. I'm goin' to ask a slight favor of you, which is this: when Sheriff Letts drops in at the game this eve., shoot him in the leg or somewhere, just to take his mind off me until I get



on my pins again, when I can take care of my own business. Do this for me, Pete, and oblige your old friend

WEBB GRUBB.

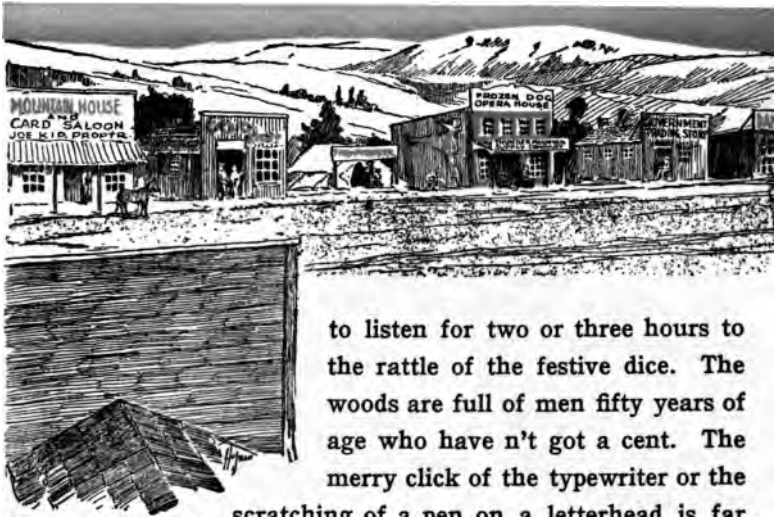
"P.S. Renew my subscription for another year. I 'll pay you next time when I meet you at the regular game."



Major Jones has put hardwood floors in his new box house. The other night Major was drunk and he told us, "in vino spiritus frumenti," as the poet says, that the hardwood floor was a scheme to keep Ma Jones home scrubbin', instead of chasin' him home to saw wood. Ma is a crank on cleanin', and that hardwood scheme of Major's makes him a diplomat of the first water.



There is a certain gilded buffet in Frozen Dog where each afternoon several men gather together



to listen for two or three hours to the rattle of the festive dice. The woods are full of men fifty years of age who have n't got a cent. The merry click of the typewriter or the scratching of a pen on a letterhead is far sweeter music than the rattle of the dice. The man who likes the former class of music will have money in the bank when he is fifty years old, and the dice-shaker will be working for him at \$10.00 a week.



Captain Moss, the genial and popular proprietor of the Frozen Dog Pharmacy, visited St. Paul two or three weeks ago, and among other things he brought home some stained glass and had it placed in the fanlight over his front door. It was shown off for the first time last Friday evening. We don't know who began the shooting as the crowd assem-



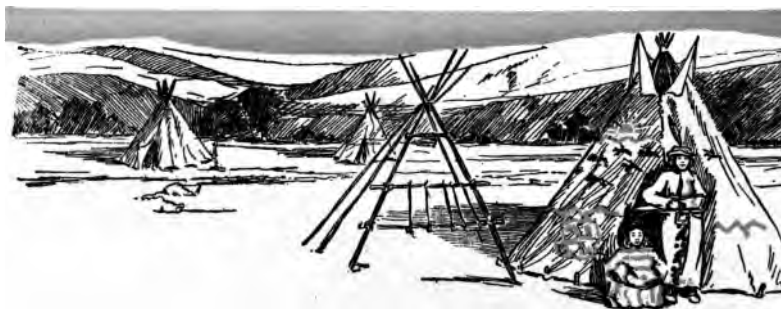
bled, but after about one hundred shots had been fired there was nothing left to plug away at. There may be a stained-glass era in the history of this town, but it has n't come yet. It will probably arrive with toothpick shoes, button-hole bouquets, and cut loaf-sugar. The Captain has stretched a wolfskin over the fanlight, hair out, and peace reigns supreme in that neighborhood.



Miss Cullor, the lovely schoolmarm, has had her salary raised to 25 blue chips per month.



Grandma Peters met with quite an accident yesterday. She had boiled a large kettle of soap in her back yard; and when it was cold, desiring to take a



bath, she went out to get a saucer of the same, and while leaning over the kettle lost her balance and fell into it. It was a very unpleasant experience for grandma, and a good deal of soap was wasted.



Uncle Bill never blew out the gas
When up to Boise City he came;
But he knocked it flat
With his old slouch hat,
An' it got thar jest the same!



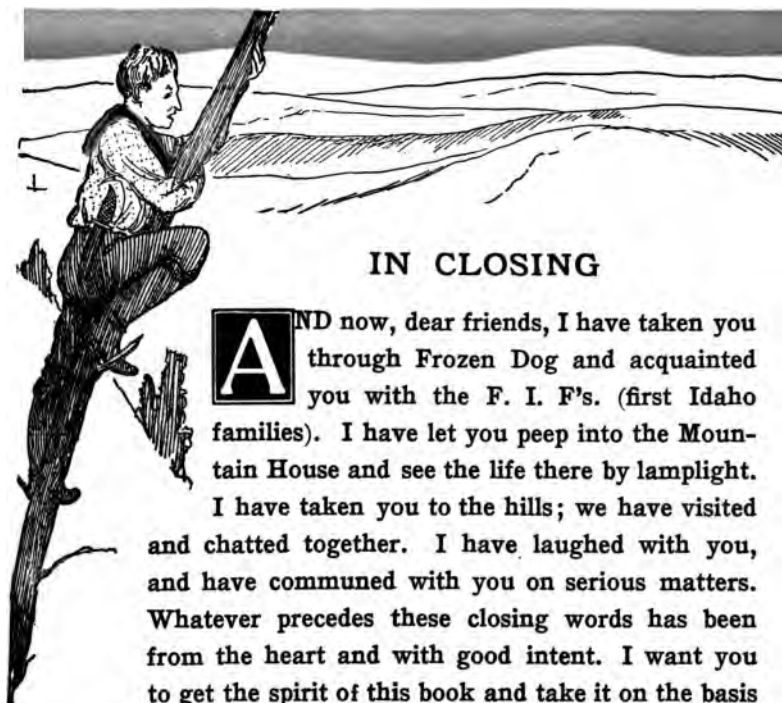
There have been several mistakes made in Frozen Dog recently in necktie parties. Of the last ten persons strung up by the Vigilance Committee, four have been found to be innocent after the party was



over. We don't want any mistakes in our midst, and suggest that good etiquette be followed hereafter and no man hung unless the Vigilance Committee are pretty certain they have their man. We except Indians and greasers.



Yang Lung, the popular Chinese cigar-maker, has just started a new cigar called "the smoke chew." It is made from swamp tobacco that is very juicy, so that the cigar is good either to smoke or chew, or both. Price, 3 for a white chip, 16 for a red, or 70 for a blue. Yang don't put them up in boxes or use revenue stamps, and don't expect to. No revenue collector ever did any business in Frozen Dog, or ever will, whilst we have a Vig. Com., with Grizzly Pete as chairman.



IN CLOSING

AND now, dear friends, I have taken you through Frozen Dog and acquainted you with the F. I. F's. (first Idaho families). I have let you peep into the Mountain House and see the life there by lamplight.

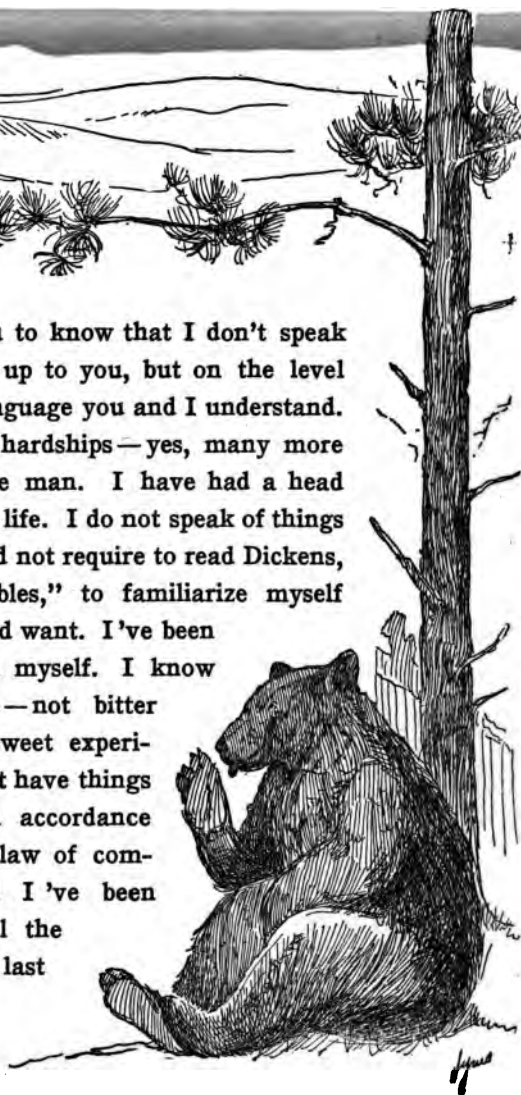
I have taken you to the hills; we have visited and chatted together. I have laughed with you, and have communed with you on serious matters. Whatever precedes these closing words has been from the heart and with good intent. I want you to get the spirit of this book and take it on the basis that noble impulses, generous hearts, and helping hands are as often found encased in flannel shirts as in broadcloth dress suits.

I want you to know that the best scheme for acquainting yourself with truth is to observe, reflect, and benefit therefrom. I want you to know that my little motto, "Be pleasant every morning until 10 o'clock; the rest of the day will take care of itself," has been an untold blessing and comfort to



me. I want you to know that I don't speak down to you or up to you, but on the level with you, in a language you and I understand.

I've endured hardships—yes, many more than the average man. I have had a head wind most all my life. I do not speak of things by hearsay. I did not require to read Dickens, or "*Les Miserables*," to familiarize myself with suffering and want. I've been through the mill myself. I know from experience—not bitter experience, but sweet experience. I would n't have things different, for, in accordance with the golden law of compensation, all I've been through, and all the hard work the last twenty-five years have





brought me, are my savings-bank account, and there are joy and happiness in the great bank of compensation subject to my drafts.

So now good-by to Frozen Dog. If you like the town and its people, perhaps some day will bring forth "Some More Frozen Dog Tales."

In the meantime, be square with every one, especially with yourself. Be pleasant, help those in shadow-land, and you 'll experience happiness that yellow money can't buy.

Yours sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

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